

# “Men in the Making”

in

# Kashmir



A SUPERMAN (7ft. 9in. in height)



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“MEN IN THE MAKING”  
IN KASHMIR

Price : ONE SHILLING

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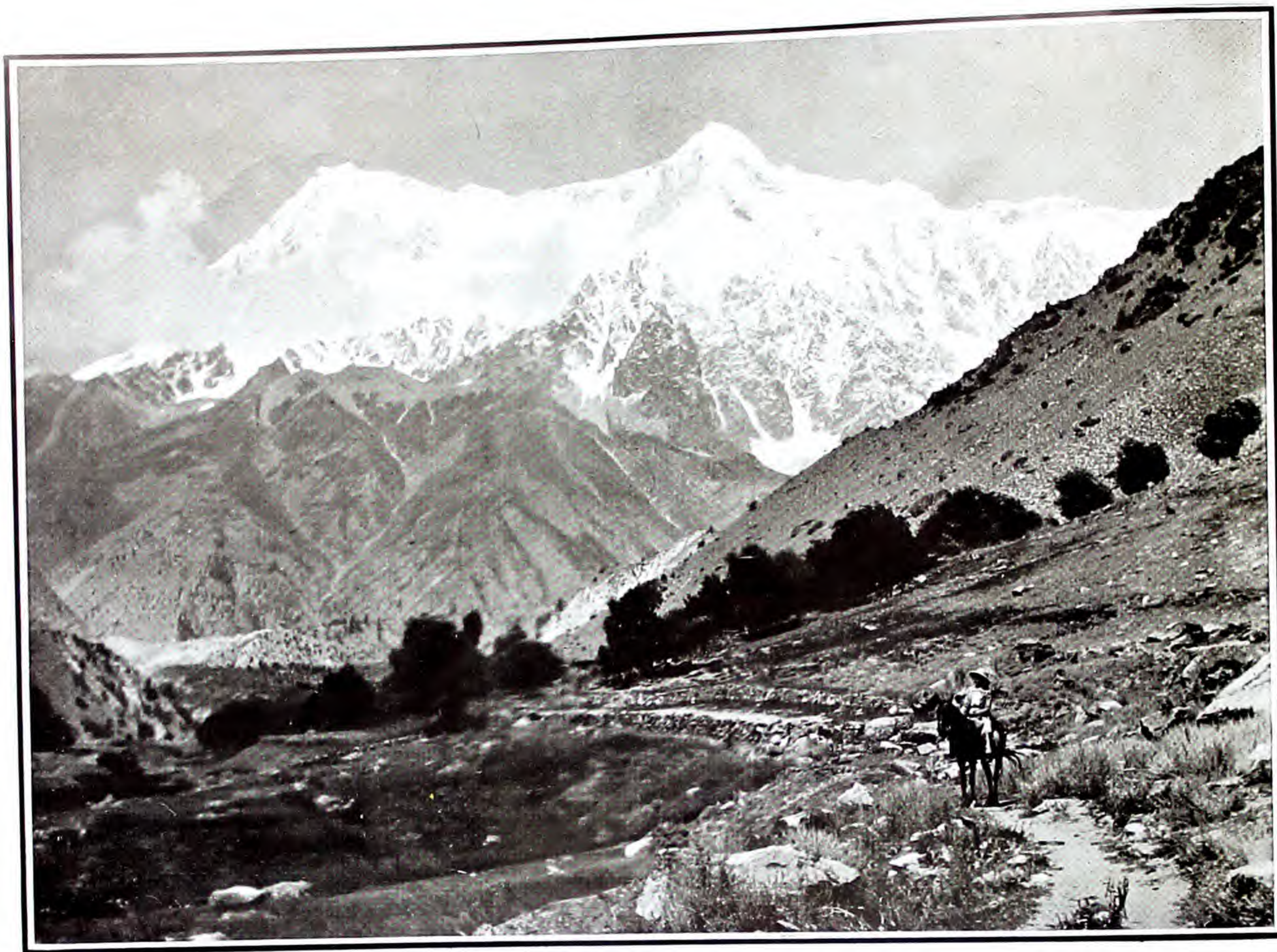
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*Photo by Commander]*

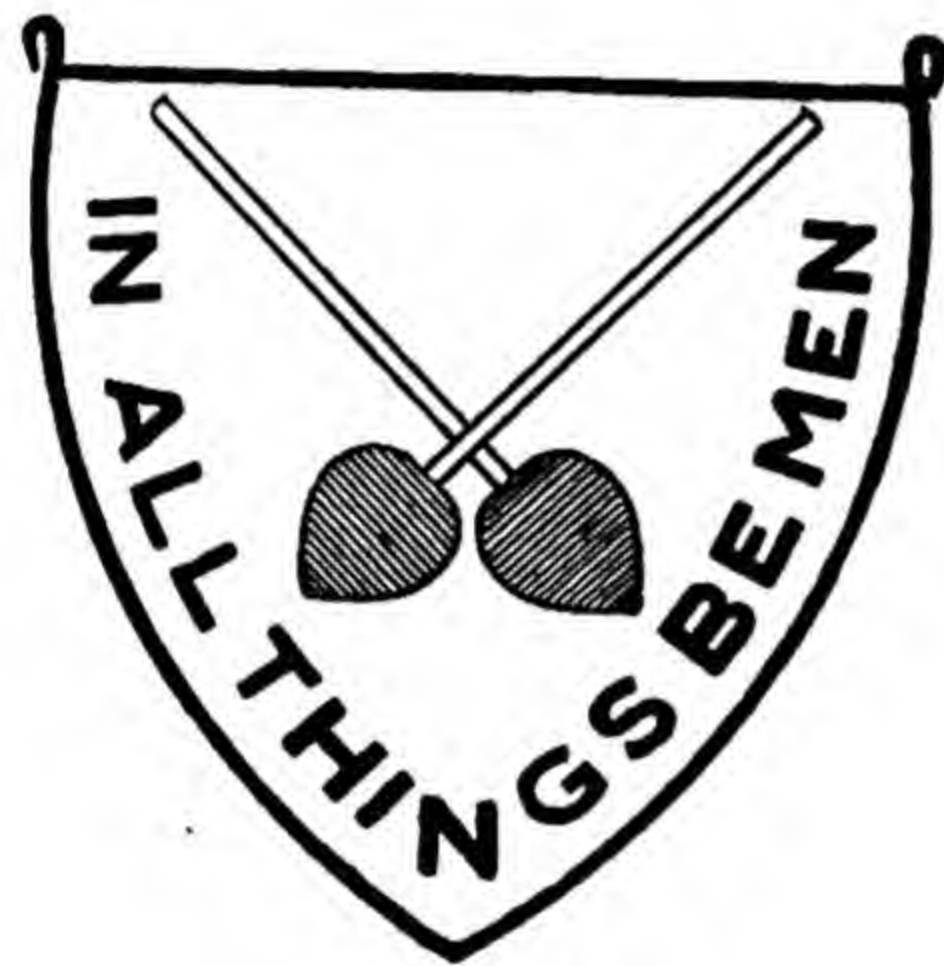
Frontispiece

**Nanga Parbat**  
Nearly 27,000 feet high

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.]*



## THE SCHOOL MOTTO AND CREST



**W**E mean by a man, one who is both strong and kind. The Crest also bears out this idea. The paddle stands for hard work or strength, the heart-shaped paddle stands for kindness. The paddles are crossed, which stands for self-sacrifice, and reminds men of Him who taught us self-sacrifice, and all that His Cross means to the world.

P.S.—Copies of this, “Men in the Making,” and some of the former Logs can be procured from the Church Mission House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

#### FORMER SCHOOL REPORTS :

Breaking up and Building	Plugging in Kashmir
Tacking	Training „
Coaching in Kashmir	Odds and Ends in Kashmir
Coxing „	More Odds and Ends „
Paddling „	Character Building „
Steering „	Scouting „
Towing „	Scouts in the Making in Kashmir
Punting „	Jerry Building ? in Kashmir



1914

# CHURCH MISSION SCHOOL

FOUNDER:

REV. J. H. KNOWLES, B.D., F.R.G.S.

## SCHOOL STAFF

PRINCIPAL:

REV. C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE, M.A. (Cantab.).

VICE-PRINCIPALS:

REV. F. E. LUCEY, M.A. (Oxon., Hon. Math.).

S. T. G. GRAY, Esq., B.A. (Jesus College, Cantab.).

SHENKER PANDIT, B.A., Head Master.

SAMUEL BAKAL, B.A., B.T.

SEVENTY INDIAN AND KASHMIRI TEACHERS.

VOLUNTARY TEACHERS:

MISS CHURCHILL TAYLOR, C.E.Z.M.S.

MISS COVERDALE, C.M.S.

MISS FITZE, C.M.S.

MISS KATE KNOWLES, M.B., B.S. (London), C.M.S.

MRS. ARTHUR NEVE, C.M.S.

MISS RUSSELL, C.E.Z.M.S.

MRS. C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE, C.M.S. at home.

*Number on Roll:—Boys, 1380; and Girls, 70.*



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[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]



# Boy's Character Form Sheet.

Each boy has a page in the register to himself and three times in the year his character is overhauled and written down thus:—

Name	Son of	Entered Central School	Class	190.	Entered	Branch School
Roll No.	Occpn. of { Guardian Father	Left	" "	Class	190.	Left

<i>Age</i>	<i>Years</i>	<i>Months</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Date of Marriage</i>	<i>Father's Salary</i> <i>Probable loot</i>
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Date	Class	Age	Average age of Class	Position in Class	Eyesight	Height	Weight	Chest Measurement	General health	Tutor
Full Marks										
		100	English		100	Urdu		100	Persian	
		100	Sanskrit		100	Mathematics		100	History	
		100	Geography		150	Caligraphy		150	General Knowledge	
		1,000	Total							
MIND										
		400	Gymnastics		200	Boating		200	Swimming	
		200	Games: cricket, football, etc.		100	Manual labour		1,100	Total	
BODY										
		200	Scripture		400	Obedience, Respectfulness, Truthfulness, and Honesty		300	Pluck, Unselfishness and Good Temper	
		200	Esprit de corps		200	School		200	Duty to Neighbours	
		1,300	Total							
SOUL										
		200	Depotment		100	Absence of dirty tricks		100	Self Control	
		400	Total							
		200	Cleanliness and Tidiness		100	Attendance		100	Punctuality	
		400	Total							
Grand Total										
		4,200								
Signature of Principal										
Remarks										

The result to the true boy is a recommendation, to the other condemnation.  
I never put down my signature until the boy assents to the truth of the marking. When a boy considers that he has not been treated fairly by his teachers, the whole class is asked to decide the question. I have met one or two boys who have considered themselves too highly marked.



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## “MEN IN THE MAKING”

**I** DARE say that you have not forgotten those early days in the schoolroom when you toiled with the rest of the civilized world in filling copy-books with wise precepts, and amongst them were: “Mind your own business,” “Let sleeping dogs lie,” “Comparisons are odious,” all of them most excellent advice no doubt, but nevertheless those who peruse these pages will perceive at once that the writer himself has not profited as he ought to have done from his schoolroom education, for he has not only discarded these precepts himself, but has taught many others to do the same. And he believes that in the non-observance of these and many other generally accepted precepts he is able to write with truth the title of this annual school log, “Men in the Making.”

It was about fourteen years ago—I cannot remember the exact date, for so many struggles have taken place since that time—Kashmir was visited by a very severe epidemic of cholera, which carried off its thousands of citizens as it always does in unsanitary and filthy cities. Then, upon this we were expecting a visitation of plague, as it had crept up India from Bombay very close to us and was actually claiming its victims from Jammu, which is the second capital of Kashmir. So we thought that the time had arrived for the school to aid the doctors and municipality by waking up the city to its danger, and arouse the citizens to action. Talking had

long proved to be utterly useless. We in India are great talkers, and especially so in Kashmir. Action, and that prompt action, was the need of the hour, so volunteers for manual labour, which we dignified by the name Engineers, were called for. To our appeal over three hundred teachers and boys responded at once

Our line of attack was as follows:—

Firstly, to ascertain the numbers of householders who were willing to receive a visit from the volunteer engineers, who would drain their front or back yards, and fill with river sand their private lakes of liquid filth.

This canvassing revealed to us that seventy householders were ready for this “spring cleaning.”

Our next duty was to approach the Municipal Officer, to inform him of the wishes of the seventy householders and ask his help. This Officer promised us his blessing and with it he offered us the use of all the implements needed for the task, which included spades, shovels and picks, baskets and cargo boats for conveying the sand from the sand banks in the river to the death traps in the city.

Having secured all the help we needed at the moment, we knocked off all school games for the more strenuous work of spade work.

We had arranged to start on Monday afternoon, teachers and boys wishing to commence operations as soon as possible.



But when I arrived at the school that morning and was addressing the boys on the subject, I saw at once that something had gone wrong. Brightness on the faces of the boys had disappeared, the enthusiasm of the Staff had given place to the hang-dog expression, or to use a very expressive Indian expression, they were utterly "gabrowed."

So I could not forbear asking them if they all thought they were about to be hanged, which remark usually cheers them up. I did not realize that I had really hit the mark, for they explained to me that all those householders who had expressed their willingness for a visit from our engineer corps had changed their minds absolutely, and further that the Brahman priests had heard of our intentions and had strictly forbidden any Brahman, whether teacher or boy, from undertaking this most unholy and degrading work, and threatening instant excommunication should they disobey.

The whole school looked at me for an answer, if any, to this Pontifical Bull.

I must confess that it all came upon me as a thunder-clap, as I had not prepared for this "non possumus."

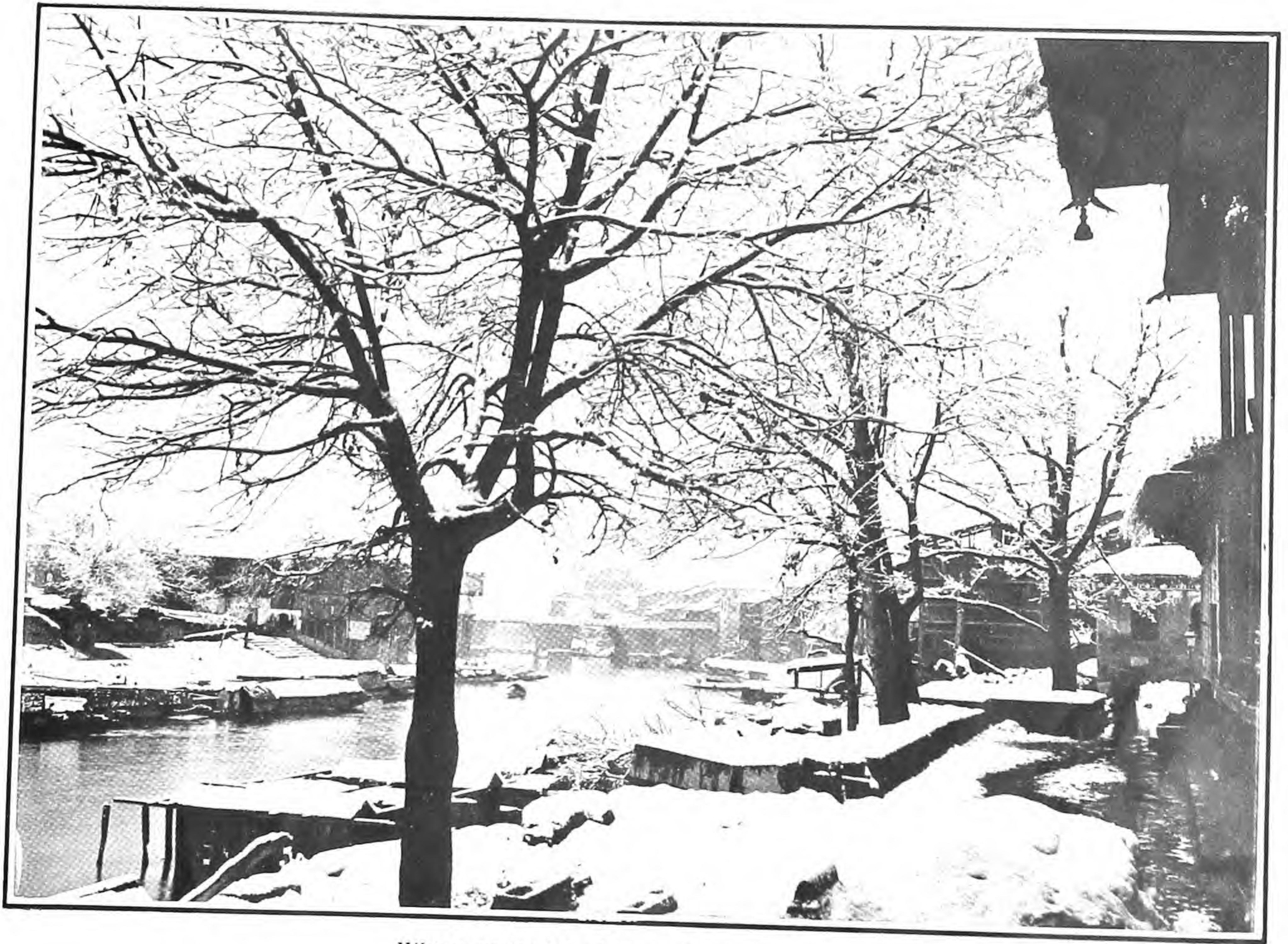
To show you how strong the Brahman priests are in their conservatism, as late as last summer, the municipality wished to clean up a most filthy alley and pave it with bricks. The priests, to prevent any such new-fangled innovation, lay down in this filthy fairway so that the reformers would have to remove their bodies, or pave the alley over them. The priests, of course, won the day, as no member of the municipality would dare touch their sacred bodies, so this alley remains as it always has been, a "Nehushtan," to this day.

It is this lot who try (and generally succeed) to block all reforms for the good of the city. It is these people who spend many days in the year on pilgrimages to the Gods and Goddesses who are supposed to live in the springs and caves in the mountains. Would that these pilgrimages to these glorious snowy heights and entrancing beauty of the forests and streams made them appreciate cleanliness and purity, but it is not so, for their eyes are still blinded and their hearts darkened.

What is the use of moralizing. We will get back to hard facts, the struggle of the years ago. The Pontifical Bull. I made answer to that Bull by telling my teachers to go and interview those holy men, and tell them that we were attacking filth and not religion, therefore there was no need for their interference, but we would be glad of their co-operation in the matter of teaching the citizens how to save themselves from these deadly visitations.

I'm sorry to say that my words did not drive their gloom away, for they knew their priests better than I did. They went to their classes with sad countenances. I did not then fully realize how serious the matter was for them, and how tight a grip the priests had over their people, and imagined that the morning gloom would blow off as the morning mist. School was over at 3.30, the boat containing all the digging tools was at the school steps. With the help of two boatmen I brought up several spades and picks opposite the school entrance so that the boys could choose their weapon when they came out of school, but no one dare come forward. I stood there with my coat off and a spade across my shoulder for some time looking at them, the boys in the meantime were crowding at the door and windows, but no one dared to come forward, and I wondered how long





Where we landed with our Tools page 11

*Photo by Vishu Arin*



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this Comic Opera would continue. At last one brave fellow stepped out and shouldered a pick, and then a second brave; we three stood in a row waiting for others to join us, but we were doomed to disappointment. For all of a sudden, the boys raised a great shout, and came out at the rush, many of them covering their heads with their blankets (it was early spring) so that I should not be able to recognize them, and fled out of the school compound, past us as if we had been lepers.

I was justly proud of the two who stood by my side, Brahmans both of them. We then proceeded to the boat which was to take us to our battlefield, which happened to be the compound belonging to the C.E.Z.M.S. dispensary which the neighbours had used as a dumping ground.

As we passed under one of the seven cumbersome wooden bridges which span the river Jhelum (the Hydaspes of the Greeks), the crowd who had assembled on it to watch us, hooted, whistled and yelled at us as a Kashmiri crowd know how. We three stood up and returned them three cheers, and before long we were out of range of their noise. We sped down stream in silence, doing a good deal of thinking as we expected a warm reception when we landed, but contrary to our expectation were unmolested, and walked through the streets with our tools to the dumping ground, which we intended to drain, clean and turn into a garden.

As our march had been so peaceful we expected trouble at the Dispensary Compound, but we were wrong once more, for as we opened the door cautiously we found the place full of teachers and boys who had come by by-ways and alleys, away from the public gaze; they had come to help and not hinder. It is true that

fear was written on their grinning countenances, nevertheless they had come determined to face the music, which soon began in earnest. We commenced at once to dig holes in which to bury the filth, sweepers were procured to put the filth into the holes so that the Brahmans should not defile themselves by shovelling it up.

The whole neighbourhood was on the buzz, the houses around were soon like a theatre, pit, galleries and all the rest of it, a fitting frame for the sanitary Comic Opera which was being enacted, in this land of Comic Operas. All seats were taken, in windows, on walls and roofs and every other place of vantage. The crowd in the dirty street outside the compound wall was packed tight with towns-folk who could not see anything, so they amused themselves by yelling and calling upon the volunteers to come away. But as these orders were unheeded they threatened all the dire punishments that they could think of, some of which they really carried into effect later on.

Well, the boys stuck to their job until dark and then melted to their homes in the same manner as they had come from the school.

The work continued day by day, nevertheless, until we had carried out our programme and made that desert place blossom as the rose literally and not merely metaphorically, for we drained it, brought in turf and planted flowers and rose trees. For some reason or other the neighbours ceased defiling the Dispensary, which had been giving freely medical aid to their suffering mothers, wives, daughters and children.

You can be quite certain the opera did not cease with the first act, for meetings both public and private were held in the city to condemn this unholy work, and



efforts were made to bring trouble upon the school staff and to damage the schools, as you will see later on.

But there was one brave man in the city (there may have been more, but they kept out of our way in those days) the Tehsildar, or chief magistrate of the city, and a Brahman to boot, an old greybeard whose only son attended our school. This old man came to see me in all this hubbub to encourage me.

He said, "In order to show the city that I am on your side, and that the Tehsildar is not ashamed to use a spade, will you please give orders that my son always carries a spade across his shoulder when he rides home from school." So every day the towns-folk saw the strange sight of the Tehsildar's son mounted on his smart little pony, sitting on a red and gold embroidered saddle-cloth, with a spade across his shoulder, and not content with this, the Tehsildar borrowed tools from us, and both he himself and his servants drained his compound. Thus the whole city learned that their Chief Magistrate, who by caste was a Brahman, was not ashamed to dig.

But, on the other hand, the telegraph office was busy sending messages to the native press and to influential people, and amongst them Mrs. Annie Besant of Theosophical fame. Letters, no doubt of a very garbled nature soon reached her, so that she felt it her duty to save the Brahmans of Srinagar.

She, ere long, appeared on the scene, and with the aid of certain Native Officials who should have known better, set to work to wreck the Mission Schools, and commenced by opening a rival school close to our High School on the opposite side of the river.

The next act in the opera was a mutiny in our

school, engineered by one of Mrs. Besant's disciples, which might have been a complete success had very prompt measures not been taken.

As it was three of the staff with three hundred boys left the school for the rival institution over the way, and became the nucleus of Mrs. Annie Besant's Hindoo School.

The leader of this immortalized three hundred came to me about a week after the transfer asking pardon and promising to bring back the same number of boys that he had taken away. I promised my forgiveness on the condition that he brought back the identical 300 that he had taken away. This he said he could not do, so we parted, as I knew we should get on without his help, and history proved that I was right, for in a few months our numbers rose from 500 to 800, our original total, and then went up to 1500.

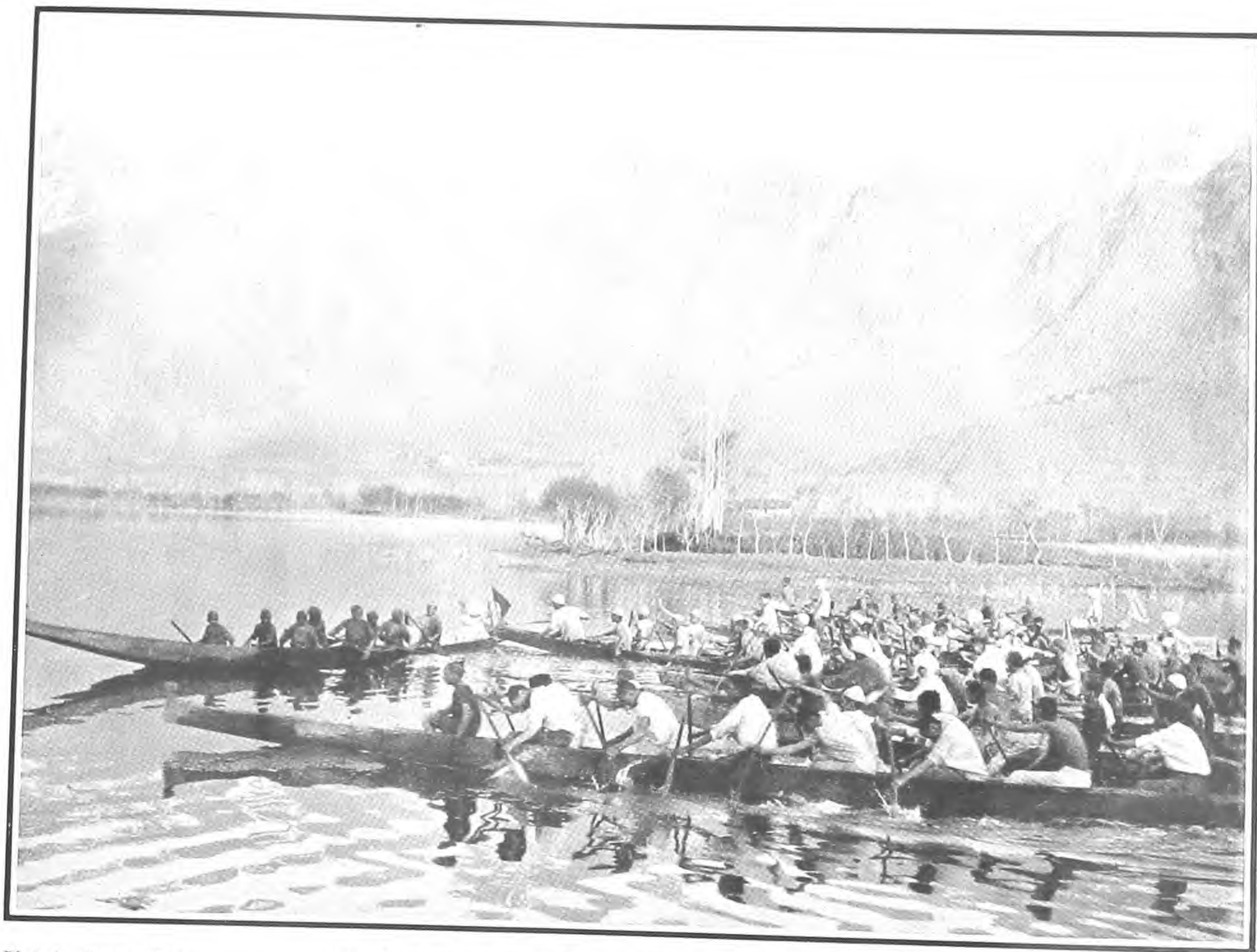
Very many comic operas were staged in those days which space forbids my mentioning, but there are two side shows in connection with the original piece which you may think worth reading.

Many of the native papers had done us the honour of telling their readers what they thought of us, and gave accounts of what had not as well as what had happened, chiefly the former, for many of the Indian papers greedily swallow the lies made red hot in Srinagar. One of the yarns that appeared is worth quoting.

"Mr. Biscoe, principal of the Church Mission School in Srinagar, makes his Brahman boys drag dead dogs through the city."

This "spicy" bit of news took our fancy, and we





*Photo by Commander]*

**Bad Steering upsets a Race in the weekly School Regatta**

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.*



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thought it a pity that one of these yarns at least should not be founded upon something tangible, so we decided to help the editor of the paper in this matter.

We possessed an obedient dog, a spaniel, who was in the habit of dying for his friends when required to do so; the rest of the play was quite easy, a party of boys, a rope and a photographer, and so this particular yarn was true.

The obedient spaniel died, and remained dead while we tied a rope to his hind leg, and placed the boys in position on the rope for the photographer to snap.

So from henceforward if ever we find a citizen disbelieving in Srinagar yarns, especially spun against the schools, we can produce this photograph to show that one at least of their stories is true. Papers may err, but cameras never?

About a year and a half after these digging and "dragging dead dogs" days, I happened to be in a suburb of Srinagar where we had worked on a drain for some days, when an old white-bearded Brahman of noble birth (so the neighbours described him) fell upon my neck and wept. I fancied myself for the moment to be in Canaan in the days of the patriarchs. The cause of this tearful embrace was twofold, contrition for the past, and desire for my aid in the present and future; two tears out of every three went to the second cause I fancy.

After wishing my old friend peace, I asked him why he had been lost to my sight for so long; he answered, still holding on to me, "When you and your boys were digging here for the good of the city and men laughed at and cursed you, you thought that all the city was against you, but you were mistaken; I with others was watching you sympathetically, and praying for you, but we

said nothing, for we were afraid, for are we not all Kashmiris! But to show you that I lie not, come and see what I have done to help you, how I have metalled the road that you and your boys drained. I have paid for it all myself, and now I need your help, for the neighbours are angry with me for having metalled this road for the public good, and are trying to get me into trouble with the authorities, saying that I intend to claim this road for my own. They lie, Sahib. Will you help me?"

I visited his road, which was a very good piece of work and of special benefit to the women and old folk who used it daily on their way to and from the canal.

At our parting I was taken once more back in thought to the days of Abraham. He left me comforted, but wiping his tear-stained face with the end of the sheet he carried over his shoulders. I quite agreed that a pocket-handkerchief in his case would be useless.

It is not easy to sum up all the gains and losses in our struggle for the sanitation of the city.

From the sanitary point of view it was a failure, but two things always stand out in my mind as great assets:—

1. We discovered who were our real friends and who were our enemies. This has been of the greatest value ever since, for we know where we are, whom to trust and whom to distrust, we know our danger zone.

2. It brought out the man in several of our staff and boys; at times they showed up as giants, and it gave many of them a taste for fighting against the evils around them, instead of floating with the stream like dead fish, and saying what has been must be.

The desire of many of them is "forward." "We must show our countrymen the evils around them, by



waking them up from their apathy, and make the name Kashmiri to be a name of honour instead of as it is, a dishonour."

To show you that this is not all talk I will give you, in detail, some of the known deeds of the year 1914 which have come to my notice, having been reported to me by the teachers and towns-folk.

Acts of kindness to old men 22.

Acts of kindness to women 38.

Acts of kindness to children 28.

Acts of kindness to blind men 18.

Acts of kindness to other needy ones 16.

Acts of kindness to animals 5.

Number of sick folk taken on the lake 299.

Number of trips made by the school boats 60.

Lives saved from drowning 15.

Lives saved in the cholera epidemic 73 out of 103 cases.

Parties of boys from 10 to 60 undertaking coolie work 35.

Parties of boys doing coolie work for the good of the poor fund 8.

Number of fires at which the boys helped 7.

The School Band played on three afternoons at the Mission Hospital and once at the Leper Hospital.

A rather select Social Service Party, composed of senior boys, undertook some special works, such as

1. Teaching backward boys out of school.
2. Teaching boys to swim.
3. Endeavouring to get certain streets cleaned by stirring up the citizens to petition the Municipal Officers.

4. Supported a starving family.

5. Induced the cholera stricken to take cholera medicine instead of trusting to charms.

This year saw the birth of a newly organized Municipality, i.e. Citizens were called upon to select a certain number of representatives. The School Teachers and Old Boys voted solid for an old student and secured his election.

Also the President is one of our old students. We wish him success in his very difficult and thorny position, for if he does his duty he is sure to make many enemies and run a great risk of losing his billet.

Public opinion has changed somewhat, so in these days we are able to use more ordinary methods in urging cleanliness than was the case in the pick-and-shovel days.

The Social Service done by the boys this year has not been of an exciting nature, but that which is perhaps more difficult, the "common round," doing day by day the little kindnesses of easing of burdens, which but for them would remain undone, as the man in the street still holds strongly the old precepts of "minding his own business" and "letting sleeping dogs lie."

In order to make some of these dry statistics live, I will let in light upon a few of them. To show the need there is for help to old men, I will give you two illustrations of the way in which I have seen old men used.

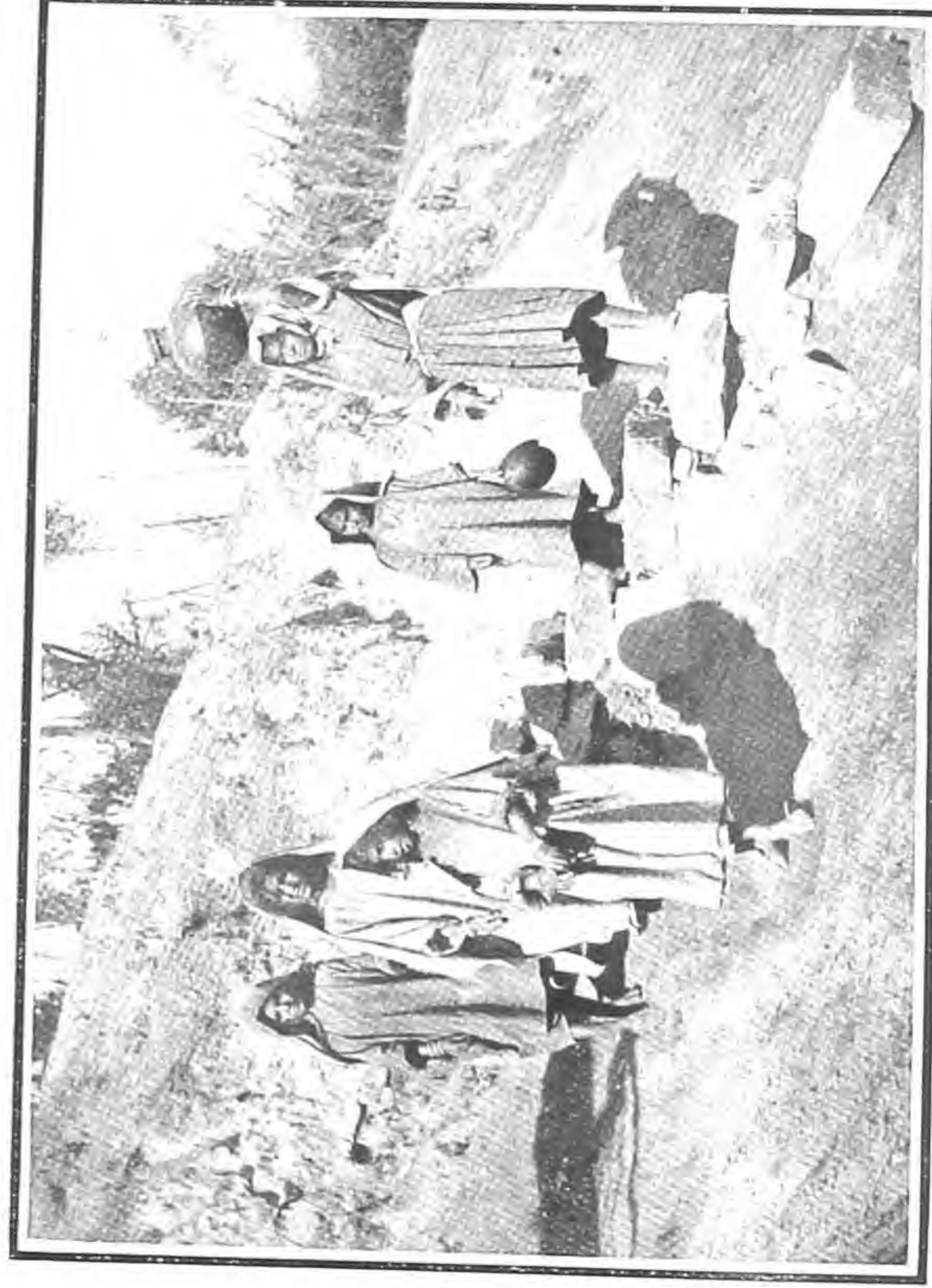
We were in our hut in the pine forests in the hills where occasionally bears and panthers pay us visits. Our washerman, a very well-favoured gentleman, weighing sixteen stone if he weighed an ounce, asked leave to go to his home in the city; on asking his reason for wishing to depart, he said that there were so many wild beasts





**The daily round, the common task of Women. Pounding Rice**  
 Opportunities for "men in the making" to render assistance (page 15)

*[Photo by R. E. Shorter]*



**The Country's Water Carriers**

Opportunities of service for "men in the making" (page 15)

*[Photo by R. E. Shorter]*



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about, that he did not consider his life to be safe, and that he had an old father at home whom he could send in his place who would do the washing for him. Although I felt sorry for the exchange on the panther's account, yet for ourselves I thought it better not to be served by a lump of cowardice weighing sixteen stone.

Another gentleman I know (a real gentleman in this country never exerts himself and his legs must not take him at greater speed than two miles an hour) who has an old lame father, whenever there are two jobs to be done, or two loads to be carried, always selects the light one; when any one remonstrates with him, he answers, "My father is only an old man," in other words, it is better for his father to fall in with his son's ideas and wishes.

I don't mean to say that all sons treat their old fathers like this, but there is quite enough of it day by day to keep our boys busy, and in their not "minding their own business" in this and other matters, it is a daily object lesson to the city.

Please do not imagine that all the boys use their opportunities in this way, nor does the city yet understand the meaning of what they see, but it is just one of those little matters which is gradually and imperceptibly changing the customs of this country.

In the matter of helping *women*, there are many more opportunities as you can see from the cases reported to me (and from the picture of women's work drawing water and pounding rice), not that it is easier for it is not, for various reasons.

Those who know the East are aware that women are scarce in the streets compared with the men. I don't suppose that I see more than fifty women where I see

several hundreds of men on my daily rides through the city. Then it is not considered right for a man to speak to a woman, unless she be a very near relation, and when a man walks with his wife, mother or sister the man walks in front and the woman behind in single file, never at his side. Again, a son may never speak to his wife in the presence of his parents. So when the bigger boys go to the help of a woman, their help is liable to be misunderstood and may possibly lead to trouble.

The most common source of help is in the matter of fetching water, or carrying household supplies of firewood and sacks of rice from the river boats to their homes.

But one day a big boy had the luck of coming unexpectedly upon a party of terrified women who were being molested by some drunken soldiers, and was able to settle the matter promptly to the satisfaction of the women.

Another boy came upon a thief breaking into a house; he did not adopt the usual method of the night watchman, viz. make a great noise in order to give the thief the opportunity of escape, but closed with him so successfully that he was able to hand him over to the police. This was really a plucky deed, for he ran the great risk of being mistaken for the thief (not uncommon in Kashmir) and the very unpleasant consequences following. The man in the street in this country, usually makes himself scarce when thieves are about, and I for one do not blame him, hence I was surprised to hear of this boy's exploit.

Children are continually giving our boys opportunities for honourable mention.

Our great city of 130,000 inhabitants does not



possess the luxury of pavements or side-walks as the streets are not broad enough to permit of such civilized inventions. Hence many of our streets for the greater part of the day are not wholly unlike a squash on a football field, so that children often come off second best.

This is especially so when wheeled traffic is about. Allow me to pass on to you some of the wisdom that I have acquired from many years of cycling through the streets, many of them just the width of a cart and some of them not even that.

1. When I see a child in the street ahead, my first thought is, who is with the child, if alone, then beware, for as you approach, people in the shops from both sides of the road will call the child, which has the effect of making it run hither and thither like a ball in a fives court.

2. If a little girl happens to be mothering the child all will be well, for the little girl will clasp the child firmly in her arms, and will stand perfectly still wherever she happens to be, and you can pass quickly without using the brake.

3. If a boy is with the child I slow down, for I cannot be certain whether or no the boy will be scared and leave the child to its fate whilst he runs to a place of safety.

4. If a woman is with the child, I have to go quite slow, for usually the woman makes a dash for the wall, leaving the child in the middle of the street, then when she has reached a place of safety herself, calls the child to her.

5. If a man is with the child, I have to apply the brake hard, for the man invariably gives the child a

push, in order to get a better take off for his rush for safety, but he is often impeded in his flight as the child grasps his baggy pyjamas if he is a Mussulman, or skirts if a Brahman, and he is dragged down on to the street.

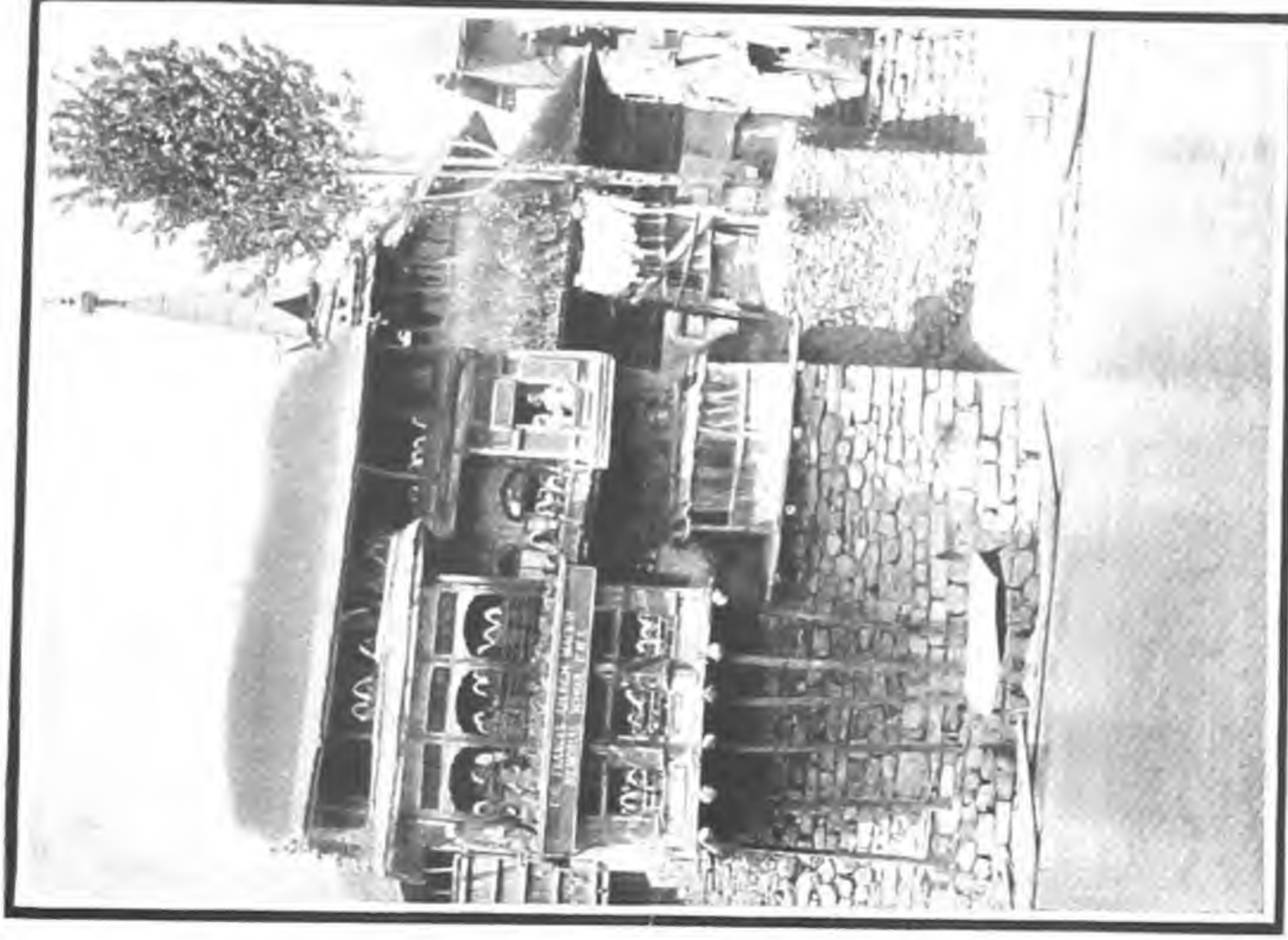
6. If you come behind two men who are walking hand in hand, and deep in conversation on pice and rice, and you ring your bell suddenly they both commence shoving and pushing one another, the man on the right striving for the left, whilst the man on the left tries to go to the right. If they happen to be men of equal weight the process is quite lengthy, and not at all unlike those wrestlers you buy for one penny in the London streets. If you have not already dismounted on account of the blockage, you have fallen off your cycle from excessive laughter, which is being shared by all the shopmen and passengers in the street. I should say that the Kashmiris are very good-tempered, and thoroughly understand a joke, and enjoy it even if it be against themselves.

From the street-wisdom that I have just shared with you, you will perceive that these people have loose heads, and that again accounts for our boys' opportunities for Social Service as in the following :—

One of the staff is attracted, by cries, to a well around which a party of people are shouting and gesticulating in proper Kashmiri fashion; his eyes explain to him the situation, for on looking down and peering through the darkness he discovers someone drowning.

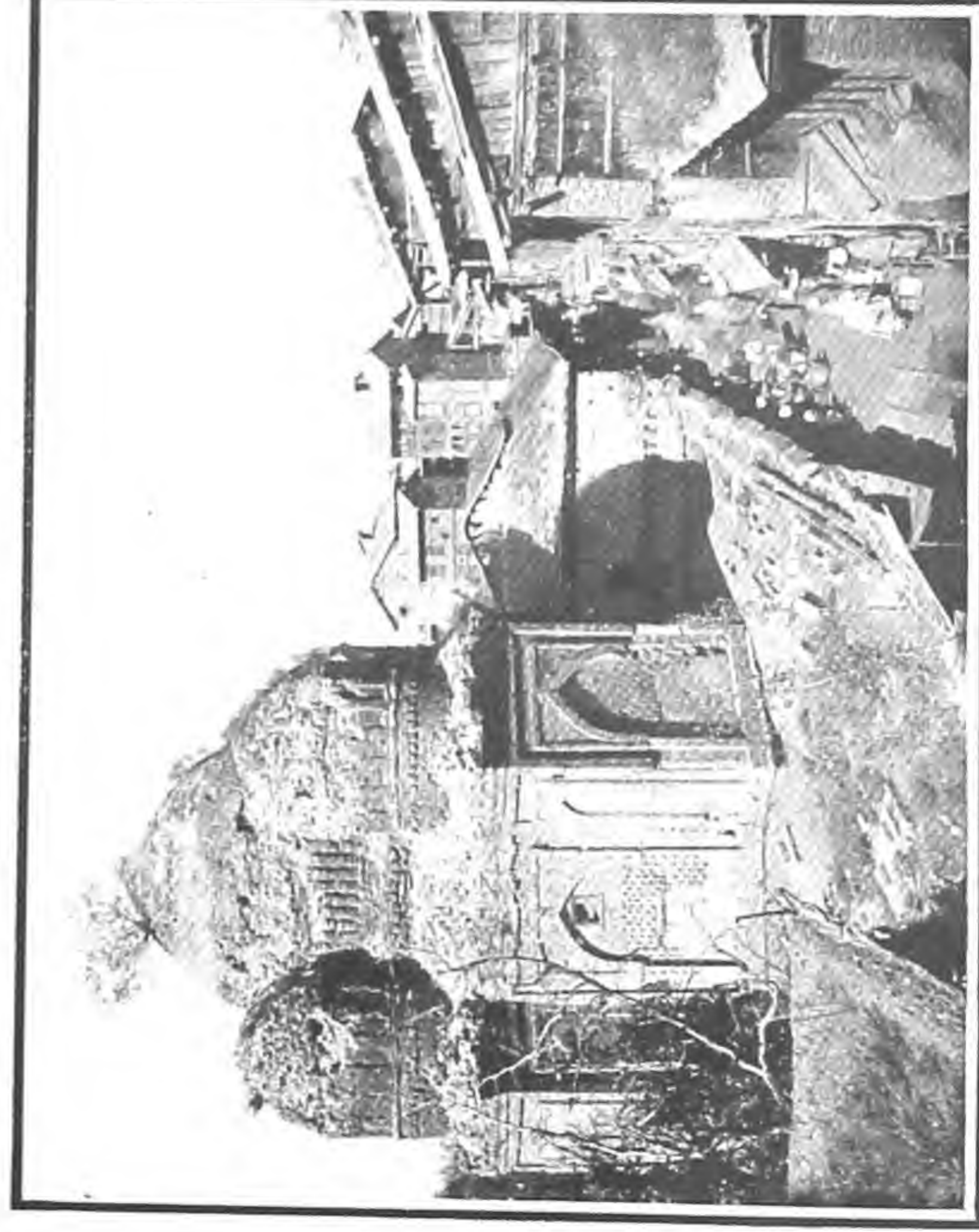
Shiv is a silent person, partly no doubt because he is afflicted by a stammer which has taught him not to waste his words, but he is a man of action, and is soon on his downward journey. He grips the well-bather, who happens to be a girl, and before long has climbed up





**The Frances Aberigh Mackay Memorial School for Girls**

What influence will these girls have in the future?



**A Street in Srinagar near the "dumping ground"** (page 11)

*[Photo by Vishu Nath]*



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again with his load and is able to hand over the wet piece of goods to the parents and relations who have been talking and howling on the top of the well. Besides falling down wells, children not unfrequently fall out of the windows, as the windows in all the houses are so placed that the householders can lean out of them as they sit on the floor, that is the window-sill is about twelve inches high. It is the *custom* to put windows in this dangerous position, no matter how many children are killed or maimed for life. It is *not* the custom to put bars to the windows, so no one guards their children from this constant danger. Custom rules everything in this country.

These window accidents give our boys opportunities for honourable advancement, for they know that the place for children who fall out of windows is the hospital, and the shorter the time they take in getting them there, the better it is for all concerned.

### *The Blind.*

We have a great number of blind people in our midst: we are always meeting them. Some can find their way about almost as well as the seeing ones, but others cannot, so here comes the opportunity for the "man in the making." A blind man has lost his bearings, and is unable to find his way home (all dogs are unclean so they cannot be used as in the West), or there is a big hole in the street, or the street is blocked by debris from a roof which is being repaired, or maybe a cow or two have taken possession of the king's highway, whilst they chew the cud together, or pariah dogs are tired out after a full night's barking and are sleeping peacefully. The

blind man will do well to observe the precept to the letter, and let the "sleeping dogs lie," unless there is the friendly boy at hand to act as guard and guide.

### *Mad folk.*

There is no lunatic asylum in this country such as we have in the West, but those lunatics who are dangerous are housed in quarters in the prison, where, no doubt, they are made comfortable. But Kashmiris do not allow their relatives to go to the prison if they can possibly avoid it, as it is considered a disgrace. If the lunatics are dangerous they lock them up, or chain them in their own houses, but the harmless ones are allowed to wander about in the streets, some of them refuse to wear any clothes; this indecency is permitted because the demoniac is supposed to be God-possessed, and therefore must not be molested. Hence it is not an easy matter to interfere with this class of nuisance.

However, the boys have tackled it. They visit the houses of these afflicted individuals and try to persuade the householders to send their mad relatives to the prison asylum.

Our last case was a sad one.

An old Brahman had been turned out of his home, and took up his quarters in the streets with the pariah dogs, and was often reported by the boys as being seen lying in the bazaar gutters under the shops; all day and every day he was calling out the name of the woman who had turned him out of house and home. The State doctor very kindly helped us to get him into the jail asylum, where he died three days after his admission.

The case of the mad women is too deplorable to



describe, but we believe the authorities are going to take this matter in hand.

### *Helping Animals.*

You will notice that the boys have not done as much as usual in helping animals for the very excellent reason that there is very little to do in this line, on account of the law against cruelty to animals, which has come into operation. We very rarely see a wounded animal in Srinagar, and if we do find one, we hand the case over to the S.P.C.A. officer, who takes up the matter judicially. This officer told me that from three hundred to four hundred rupees are paid every month into the State treasury, from the fines inflicted by the Courts on men convicted of cruelty to animals. So although you cannot make people humane by law, you can teach them that cruelty can at times be an expensive luxury. This law has also had another effect which we foresaw, viz. that certain gentlemen would be able to heap up riches unto themselves with a minimum of labour and a maximum of success. Our prophetic instinct has proved itself to be true once again. Shall we let these sleeping dogs lie?

### *The Sick.*

Of the work done by the boys to cheer up the sick I have often written in previous school logs. I wish I could have photographed a particular scene on a beautiful afternoon in June. Allow me to try to describe what I saw. As I was passing a certain village on the banks of the lake I heard music, and went in search of it. It led me to a boulder-strewn landing place where a procession

was forming. The School Drum and Fife Band in front with a crowd of twenty-nine bandaged and sick folk and almost fifty boys, forming the crews of the fleet who had just returned with their cargoes of hospital patients from a pleasant afternoon paddle on the lake, the Band discoursing sweet music the while. Among this interesting crowd was a lame man with white bandages, supported under the arms by two boys, who were helping him to walk. There was a strong boy with another cripple on his back, there again were men with bandaged eyes being led by others, and told where to step, guided past holes or up steps. The villagers, of course, had flocked out of their houses and with mouths and eyes wide open were staring in wonder; some were laughing; was it from scorn or amusement? mostly the latter, I think; some few understood the scene that was being enacted before their eyes, and realized that this school party which was for the most part composed of Brahmans were helping Mohammedans. I feel sure some of that crowd will never forget that scene. I certainly shall not.

Now why do these boys spend many of their afternoons with the sick, striving to brighten up the lives of those who need cheering? Are they paid for it? No.

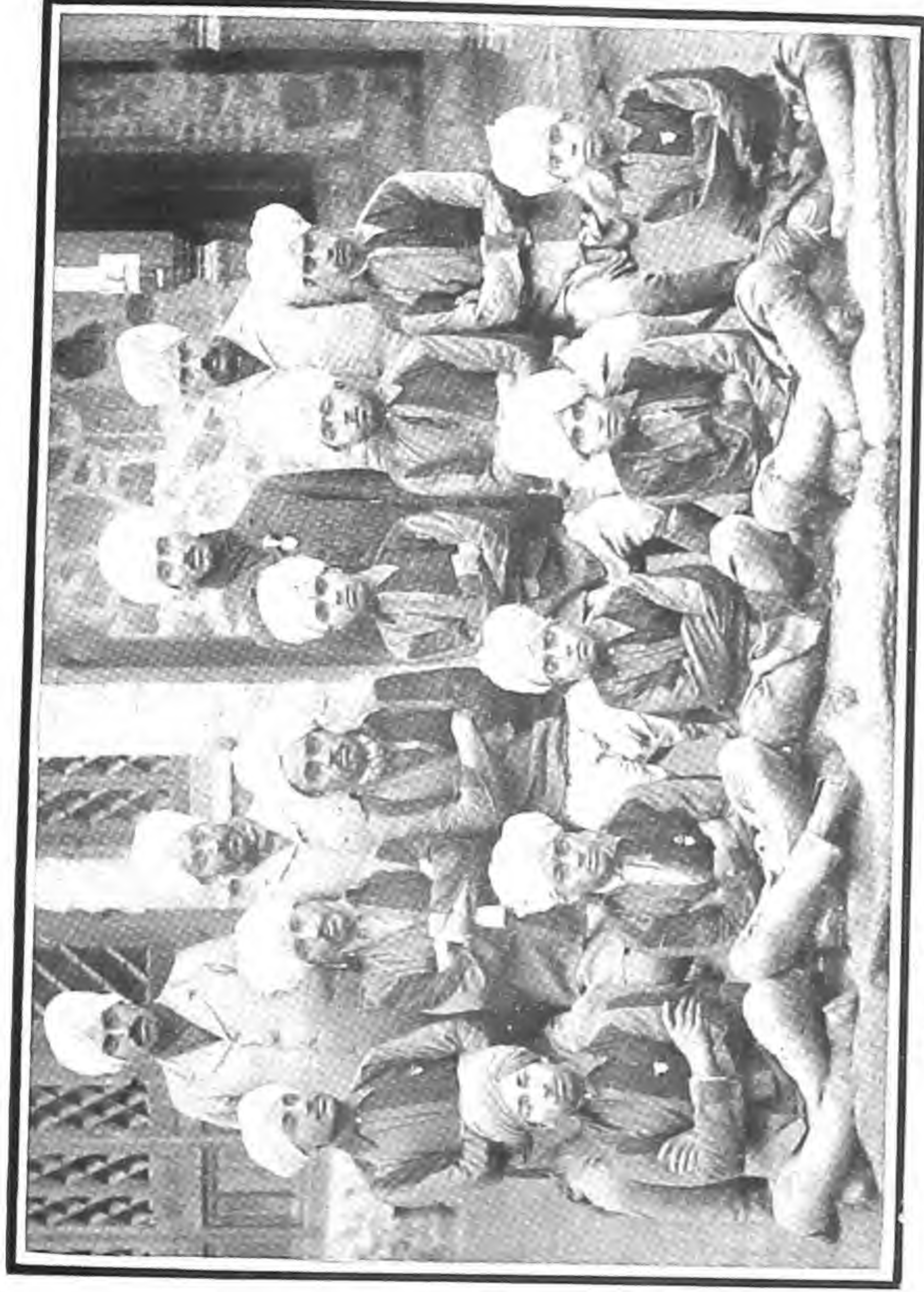
Is it done to win my approval? Possibly some may do so for this reason.

Is it done because it is part of the Mission School effort? Yes, partly. There are, no doubt, many mixed motives, but when one has allowed for all these there is yet something more.

They have learnt to be sorry for those in trouble, they see the difference between their school spirit and the spirit of the city. They have realized that super-



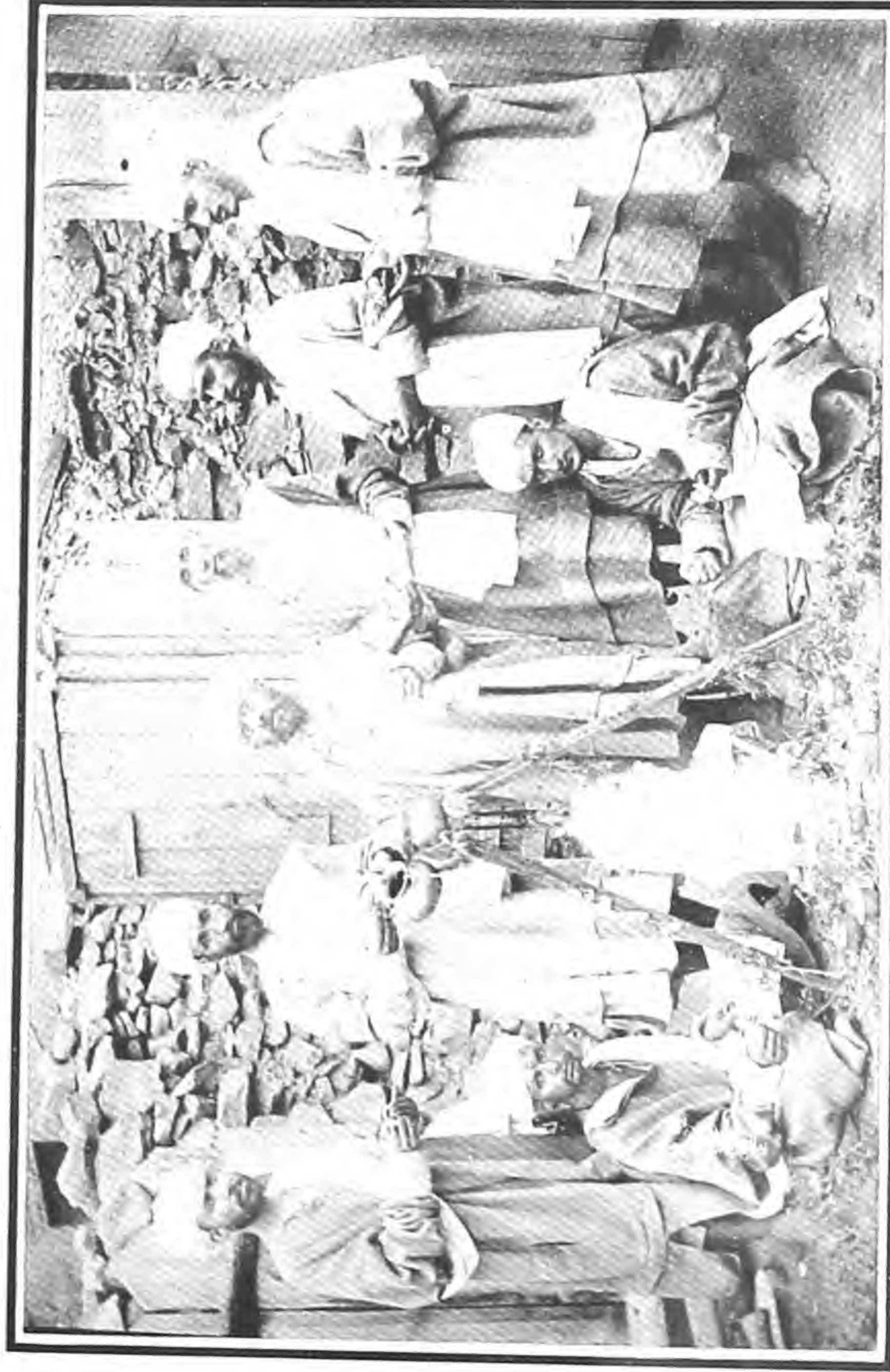
# Brahmans of the New School



The Fifteen who saved lives from a watery grave  
Brahmans all of them (page 19)

[Photo by Rev. F. E. Lacey]

# Brahmans of the Old School



Brahmans worshipping their Idol "Shiva"

The men who can excommunicate the unorthodox (page 10)



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stition, ignorance and stupid customs has drowned the nobler spirit, they realize that their country is down and needs lifting, and they will have their try at changing everlasting custom and the like.

Again, there are others who go deeper, and who have perceived that the daily teachings of the Gospels needs expression in life. The life of Christ is speaking to them, it appeals to them as it does to all men in all nations in all time who have ears to hear and eyes to see.

When the sad news arrived, viz. that India had lost her friend Lady Hardinge, who had done so much for India's women, and had endeared herself to its people by so many deeds of kindness, our staff and boys wished to show their grief and respect in some tangible form.

They made the happy suggestion of helping women that day, as they knew it would be carrying out the wishes of Lady Hardinge. So they went into the city to search for sick women who would be the better for an airing on the lake, and took them in their boats.

It is no easy matter to find women who will trust themselves on the lake with boys, in fact our boys would not always have their boats full of *men* if it were not for the help given in this line by the doctors and nurses in the Mission Hospital.

The year 1914 was a record one in the matter of lives saved from drowning; the average for a year varies between six and twelve, but in this year fifteen persons were kind enough to give our swimmers the opportunity of distinguishing themselves. We wish that all those who drown themselves in the course of the year would be as considerate as these fifteen were, for then our record would be indeed great.

It is a most extraordinary fact that so few people in this land of water can swim.

We have always had the greatest difficulty in inducing the boys to learn how to swim as so many parents object so strongly, one of their reasons being that gentlemen must not show energy; that state of life is right and proper for coolies but not for gentlemen. However, we have discovered a very satisfactory way out of the difficulty, viz. by making a hard and fast rule that all who wish to remain gentlemen in the Mission School must pay for the honour. We have a fixed scale of rules for those who have not passed the swimming test:—

Non-swimmers over 13 years pay quarter fees extra			
"	"	14	" half fees "
"	"	15	" double "
"	"	16	" quadruple "

and so on *ad infinitum*.

Hence every year adds to the difficulty of these high born and noble families keeping their sons gentlemen. We, of course, feel great sympathy for these men of blue blood, but we, nevertheless, rejoice that we have found out this tender spot, and continue turning high caste bipeds into low caste swimmers and some of them life-savers.

The biggest bit of Social Service we were called upon to render in the year was that of saving lives in cholera.

This country is visited by an epidemic of cholera every four or five years which claims her thousands of victims. Our turn had come once again. This fell disease made its appearance at the head of the Valley in June, but owing to the energetic and vigilant labours



of Col. A. Macnab with his staff of doctors and assistants, its onward march down the Valley to Srinagar was stopped until August, from which month until the month of November all the doctors in Srinagar were kept busy. The Mission Schools tried to take their share in the fight by keeping the Central and the four Branch Schools open (all the other schools in the city were closed), with men on duty all night as well as day, with a good supply of medicine, so that those attacked could send for aid at all times, and receive prompt attention, which, of course, is of the greatest importance. Boys with cycles became despatch riders.

The Schools, with the assistance of Doctor Kate Knowles, saved seventy-three lives out of the one hundred and three that they attended, which was an exceptionally good average. Permanganate of potash we found was quite sufficient to pull those patients round who were attended to at once; if there had been a delay of an hour or more, it was generally necessary to call in medical aid.

I would like to bring before you just one case and once more ride rough-shod over the copy-book precept that "comparisons are odious."

In the year 1892 we had a very severe visitation of cholera, when many thousands of the inhabitants were carried off. The city in those days was even more of an Eurystheusian stable than it is now, as the people were more ignorant, superstitious and bigoted, they would not take precautions or medicine, trusting in charms and the incantations of priests.

Among the victims was a Christian man who was a leper, living in the Leper Hospital. He succumbed, and Dr. Ernest Neve sent orders to the Leper Hospital

Assistants to prepare the body for burial. Next day Dr. Ernest Neve and I rode over to the Hospital to bury the body. To our surprise we found the corpse half on the bed and half on the floor, just in the position as it was at the moment of death. On asking the assistants why they had not obeyed their orders, they replied, that they dare not touch the corpse. Why? afraid of leprosy? No! because their daily work was amongst lepers. Afraid of cholera? No, for cholera to them was a matter of fate. Then why! Because this leper was a Christian and therefore far more dangerous to the touch than leprosy and cholera.

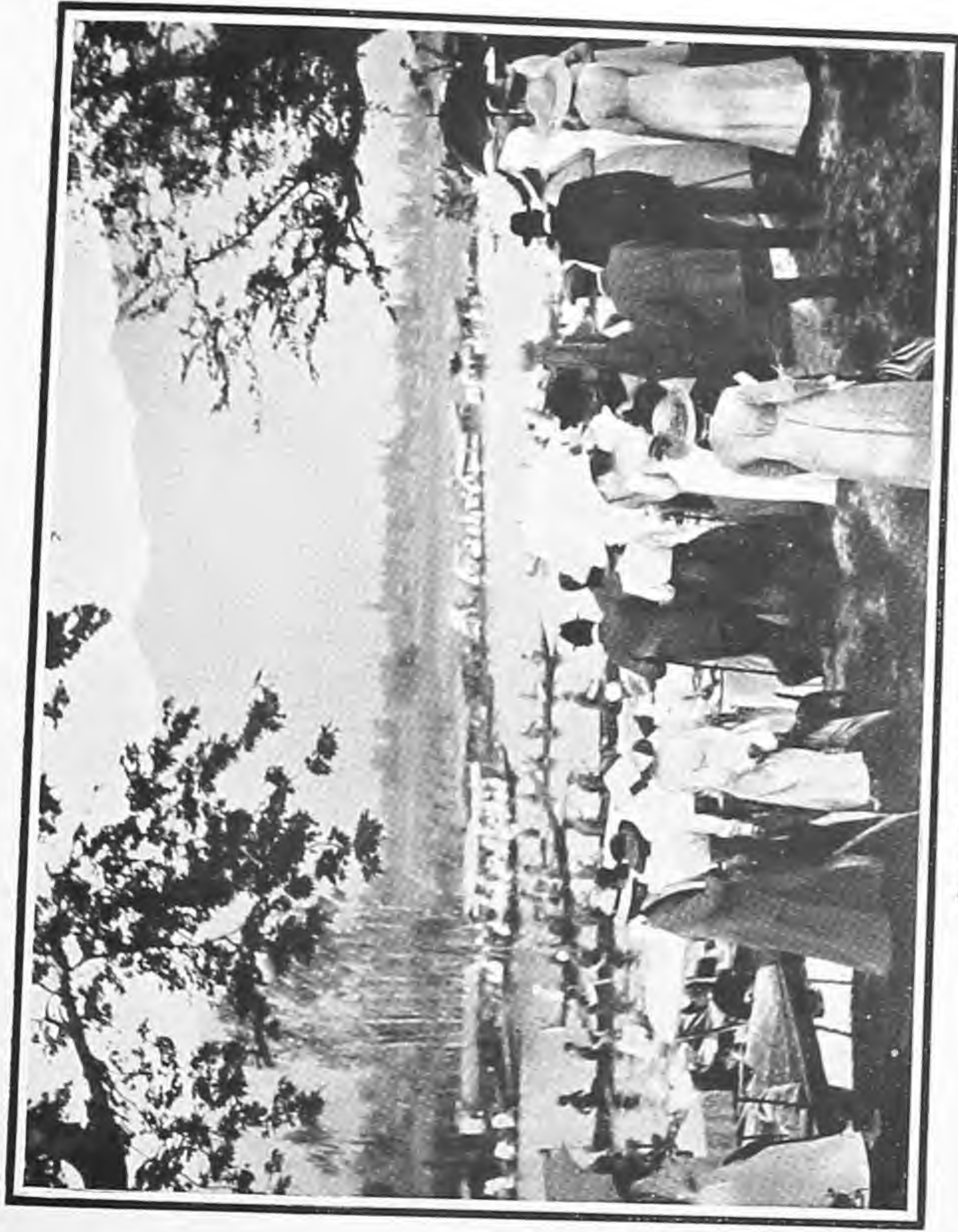
Dr. Neve then made the attendants stand round and watch us do their business.

Twenty-two years have passed, Mr. S. T. Gray, Samuel Bakal and I, together with four of the School Staff who are Brahmans mark you, are standing by the corpse of a Christian who has died of cholera. We three are about to raise the body when the Brahman Teachers step forward, wishing to be allowed to take their share in the work. These men know full well the dangers of infection for they have all been in the School as boys and teachers, but they also have learnt something more, viz. the joy of service which causes instant death to caste.

I have often been told that the East can never change, but the East will always be the East. Yes, in the same way that a dark shuttered room will ever remain dark, until the shutters are taken down, and then what can prevent the sunshine flooding the room! Streaks of dawn have reached this land, which are an earnest of what is coming.

It is said by travellers that India is the land of

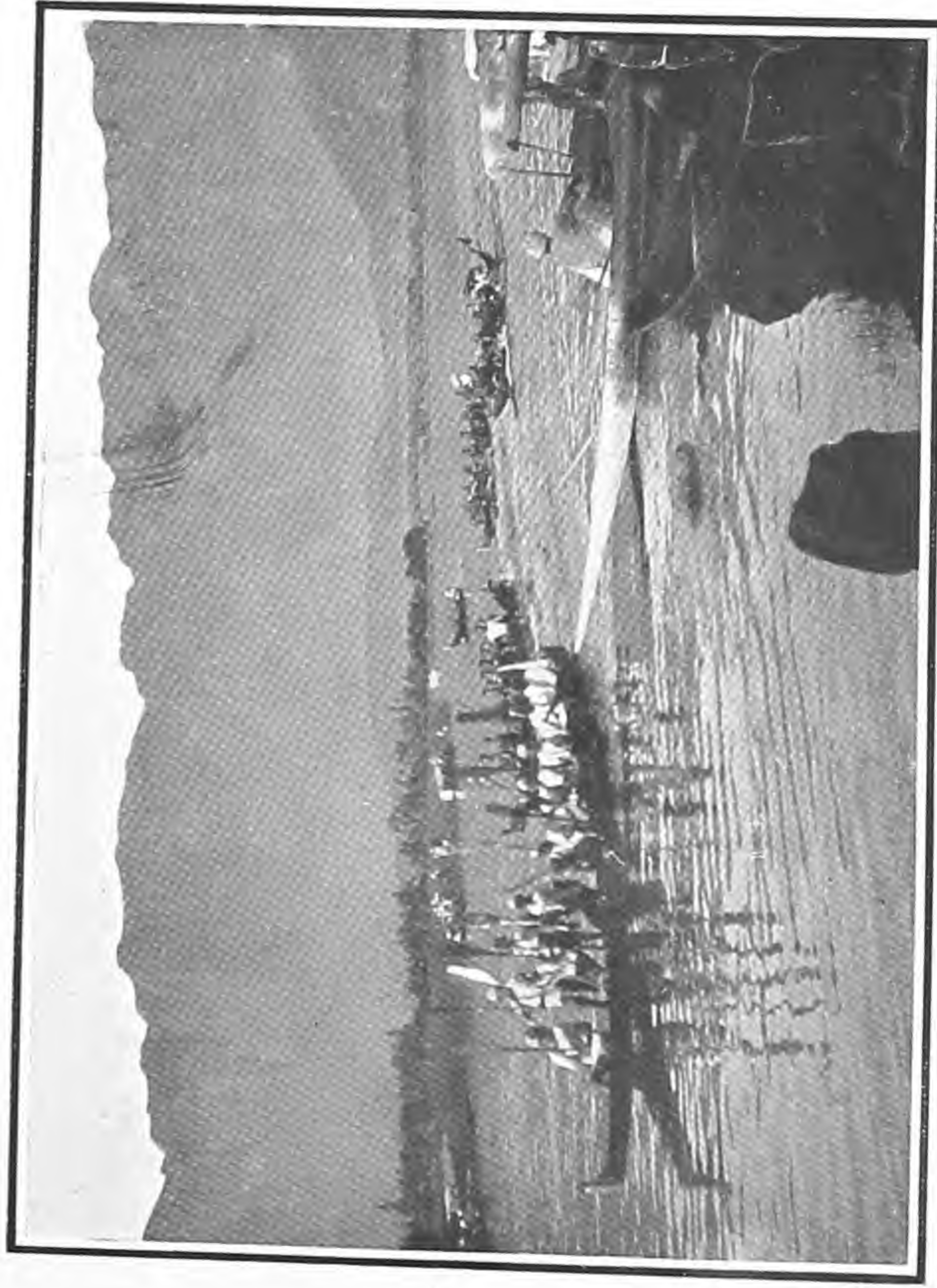




Our Guests at the Weekly Regattas

*Photo by Commander]*

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.*



The Winning Boat

*Photo by Commander]*

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.*



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"bakshish," and I must confess that there is some truth in the statement. So you can understand how cheered I have been of late by several visitors to this country reporting to me how in their journeys about the valley they have been assisted by old and present students of the School, and on all occasions they have refused to be tipped, and amongst them was a British Cavalry Officer who found himself in difficulties with his motor-car, after dark in the city, which refused to budge.

He was in a fix, when, as he informed me, he was accosted by two cheery boys who asked if they could be of any service. "Yes," he said, "I should be glad if you will help me to push my car to the garage," which was half a mile distant. This they did cheerfully, and when offered bakshish they refused politely, saying that they were Mission School boys.

The officer said that their refusal of good coin astonished him, for he remembered in his school days he did not refuse tips.

There have been three cases reported to me of boys finding valuables, hard cash included. In every case they have sought out the owner and restored the property.

Lastly, with regard to the cases of Social Service for the year 1914, I will call your attention to the matter of service done in the bulk, when on a certain occasion I have counted over one hundred teachers and boys doing coolie work. Some of this work has been called forth on account of coolies breaking their contract and going on strike.

On these occasions I have called upon the boys to put this matter right, and they have always responded.

When we compare these days with the opposition we met with fourteen years ago in the "dragging dead

dogs" days we can take courage and are thankful that we did kick up the sleeping dogs.

From these instances of Social Service that I have given some may imagine that I have a school of angels. Whereas if I raked up the special evil deeds of the boys you might imagine the contrary, viz. that we lived very near an especially hot place. So I leave it to your knowledge of human nature to draw the happy mean, and to understand that our boys are a very ordinary lot, but they are more or less striving after an ideal, and this ideal-hunting enables me to chronicle those deeds that have really happened, which will, I trust, be surpassed in the future as we advance ever forward towards Him who told us to strive after perfection, and showed us by His life how to attain that end.

To keep us humble, no doubt, and for other reasons, the following black-letter day forced itself on our Calendar.

March 27th.

A certain young Fuzzy Wuzzy, whose grandparents had been killed near Magdala during the Abyssinian War, entered our School Hostel with a somewhat shady past.

He had already run away from one Mission School three times, had been expelled from another for stealing, and could not be allowed to stay at his home in the Peshawar direction because of his bad influence on his younger brothers and sisters.

This boy we perhaps unwisely admitted to our circle with eyes open, as we were sorry for his parents and those interested in him, and moreover thought we would take a sporting chance. Master Fuzzy Wuzzy was fifteen years of age. To look at casually you would



have said: Poor little beggar, he looks very shy and depressed; but a closer glance at him revealed something more. We ought perhaps to have considered more seriously the question asked by Jeremiah: Can an Ethiopian change his skin?

Well, before the first week had run its course Fuzzy Wuzzy had sampled all the contents of the boxes belonging to the hostellers, and annexed those articles which took his fancy, as quickly convertible into hard cash. The cash he very soon exchanged for sweets and cigarettes, which he generously shared with his friends who had lost their property, making himself quite popular thereby. Not a bad beginning, was it?

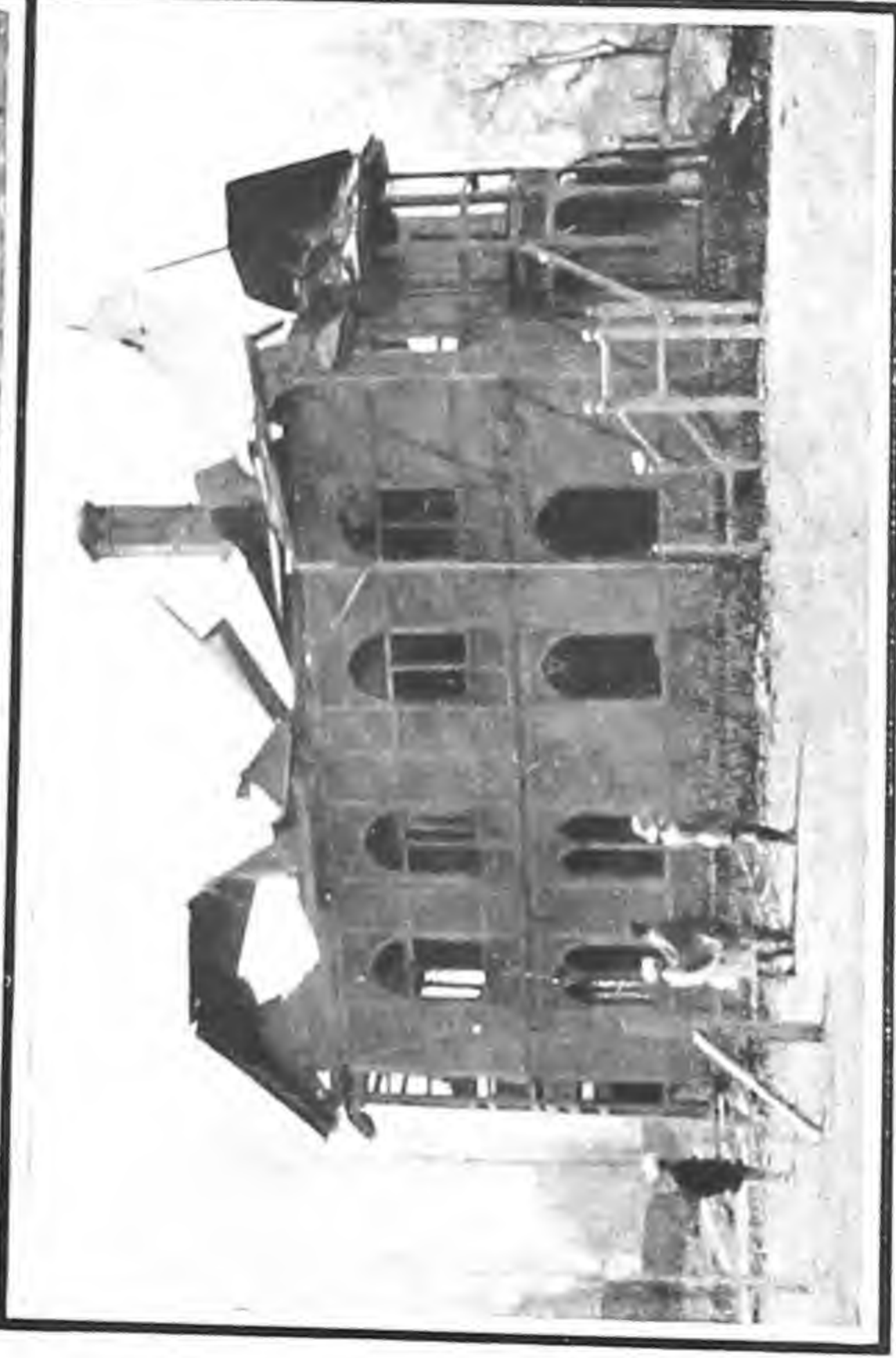
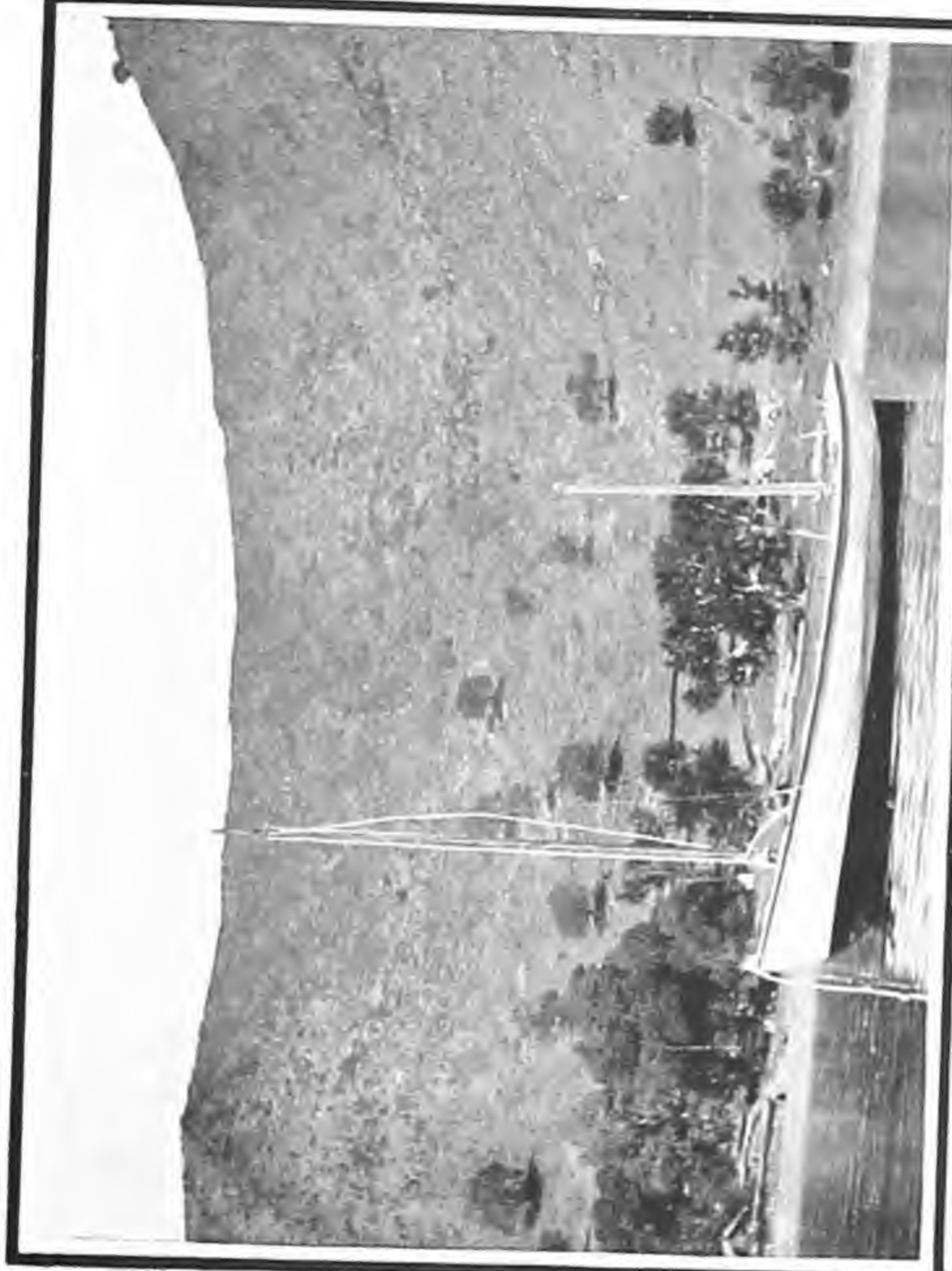
We recovered nine of the ten articles that he had stolen, and on presenting them to him he owned up at once that he had stolen them, and was quite cheery about it. I then asked him where the tenth article was. He looked hurt at my charging him with this tenth article and stoutly denied all knowledge of it, (the reason for his denial, I afterwards discovered, was that he was unable to recover it,) so decided to keep the eleventh commandment.

As he refused to budge from his position, we had to move in the matter. It is our usual custom with thieves, when possible, to fasten the stolen property to the person who stole it so that he may have his fill of it and more. As this was one of the possible cases, we strung all the stolen property together, made a necklace of it and adorned Fuzzy Wuzzy so that he might always have his coveted articles within reach, and to aid his memory in the matter of the tenth forgotten article, he was given a seat on one of the top branches of a big tree near the hostel, where he could think without

distractions from the world beneath. This particular branch was appropriate, for it was the very branch that the feathered thieves, the crows and kites, had selected as their perch, on which they enjoyed daily the stolen food from the kitchen and elsewhere. On this perch Fuzzy Wuzzy took his seat. We told him that when the result of his thinking was satisfactory he could come down from his exalted position. Fuzzy Wuzzy evidently thought this form of punishment a great joke, and intended to enjoy himself, for he sat on his perch all that day and all the next. He sat there for a whole week (he was allowed down at night). By this time the joke was evidently beginning to pall, for one morning early his bed was empty, and it dawned upon us that our boy of the tree had departed. The next thing to be done was to find him. This was not a very difficult matter, for a pack of two or three hundred boys were let loose after him, some in tumtums (country carts), others on horseback or on cycles, and the greater number on foot, in all directions they set forth. The successful hounds were those who followed the main road towards India, for at a village sixteen miles distant Fuzzy Wuzzy was found sitting in a shop by the roadside. He appeared to be quite pleased that he had been found, and still more that he was the cause of such an extensive hunt. He returned to his perch, with the added honour of a guard, in the person of Hasham Khan, the monkey (the only living thing that the boy seemed to fear), who was tied to the bottom of the tree, and remained on duty for a week.

On the fifteenth day from the commencement of the day of thinking Fuzzy Wuzzy said that he had something to communicate. In a soft whisper he told me





1. The 12-oared cutter built by Commander E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe (page 25)
2. The only being that Fuzzy Wuzzy seemed to fear (page 22)
3. The gutted Hostel—Fuzzy Wuzzy's handiwork (page 23)



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that there was one stolen article to which he had not confessed, viz. a pair of new boots, which he had sold to a man on his way to India, and as he could not recover the boots, he thought it wiser not to mention them.

The tree life came to an end, and the next item in the programme was for the boy to find the money with which to repay the original owner of the boots. As he possessed no money we provided an opportunity for making it, viz. by doing manual labour. He started off at his job cheerfully, which consisted in fetching sand from the river and filling a ditch. But after a day or two he refused to work. Then we had to cut off his food supplies, which once more brought him to his senses, and he continued to work for some days until he struck again, and again some suitable punishment had to be invented. I purposely refrained from beating him, as I had been given to understand that he was cane-proof. We generally got even with him. For instance, at Sunday morning service he put a piece of mortar into the offertory bag and took care that the hostel boys should know of his bravado. But to his surprise at his evening meal he found the piece of mortar in his curry and rice. Henceforth offertory bags were a tabooed subject with him.

Fuzzy Wuzzy caused us a great deal of anxiety; his house master seemed to be growing emaciated in his efforts to keep him out of mischief. This really mattered. So I was obliged to resort to the time-worn punishment of beating the body with a cane. Poor Fuzzy Wuzzy did not like this form of punishment one bit, and I saw at once by his eye that the boy meant mischief, and the hostel in flames flashed through my mind. So I went off straight to the house master and told him that I was certain the boy meant mischief, and warned him to

be careful of him, but stupidly did not mention the word "fire."

Well, the boy said he was ill. He was permitted to go upstairs to bed, and the rest was quite easy. He was up in the roof with matches and shavings, and shortly after flames of fire were leaping out of the roof. Fuzzy Wuzzy did not remain longer than was necessary, but ran in to the house master's house and hid under one of the beds. I have seen many fires in this country, but never have I seen so many willing helpers. It is hard to say who worked the hardest; our European friends, ladies included, and with them townspeople and scores of old students and boys, worked unflaggingly till the water gave out. An Englishman, one of the hardest workers there, said that our boys worked in the fire as if they did not know what fear was. Ere long the troops armed with buckets came from their barracks at the double under the command of their gallant Gurkha General. They made a double line to the river for passing buckets. At 2 p.m. the fire pumps ceased, as the fire was subdued; most of the interior was burnt out, but the outer walls were intact. Fortunately the greater portion of the loss was covered by the Royal Insurance Company, which treated us very liberally.

We did not know what to do with Fuzzy Wuzzy, he had certainly scored this time, but we still hoped that we might tame him. However, he was overheard bragging about his success, and also contemplating a larger bonfire, and adding to it murder of the house master's children. So the only thing for him was to place him out of the danger zone, viz. in jail, until we could place him in a reformatory. Even in jail he was quite game, saying that jail was a much better place than the hostel.



His swaggering gait with a blanket thrown over his shoulder, and a supercilious smile, took our thoughts to Nero enjoying the burning of Rome. Finally the Salvation Army came to our rescue by taking him into their reformatory near Cawnpore, which is, I trust, built of non-inflammable material.

May the Salvation Army succeed where we failed and make our Fuzzy Wuzzy negro into a useful member of society. But I shall always regret that he got the better of us not in the matter of burning the hostel, for it has enabled us to correct mistakes in the first building, but that we failed to tame him, and that he did not leave us with honour.

From this burning fiery subject I will turn to a more peaceful one, viz. girls' schools, which for the betterment of this country are, if possible, more necessary than boys' schools. We have now five girls' schools belonging to the Mission in Srinagar and one in Islambad, which are run by the following ladies:—

For the C.M.S., Miss Coverdale, Dr. Kate Knowles, Miss Fitze.

For the C.E.Z.M.S., Miss Russell, Miss Churchill Taylor, Miss Goodall.

We have waited far too long for these most necessary and important of all institutions for preparing good mothers.

Boys have often told me that the impure words they use they have learnt from their mothers, and my teachers corroborate this statement. One cannot write down things as they are, but this example may explain somewhat. A boy stands before me for his terminal Character form. I ask him why he has so few marks

for body. He informs me that his father, who is a priest, forbids him playing games. On looking at his Character form I note that his father is not a priest. So I call up his tutor and ask him to explain, which leads to my discovering the following. This said priest had taken a fancy to his mother and had driven the husband out of the house and taken his place. I naturally ask why the boy's father has not pounded the priest into a jelly, or died in the attempt. I receive the usual answer: "Fear": afraid of the priest. I ask the tutor, who is a Brahman, as he knew of this case, why he did not with the help of others see this matter flattened out. He answers: "Oh, this is quite a common case. No one objects to it. The people give honour to the priest all the same, for he is a priest."

I need not pursue the matter further, for you will see clearly enough what we are up against in this city, and that public opinion as it is cannot be altered in a day. We must begin at the bottom, and that bottom must be with our little girls, to counteract, if possible, what they are taught at home. Hence you can understand the joy it is to all who know something of this beautiful land, that schools for girls have started in earnest, that there is hope for the future, that the boys who have received light and wish for a purer atmosphere will have the chance of mating with one who has the same aspirations. I like to look ahead, say thirty years, when the girls and boys in our schools will be the children of those parents who teach purity in their homes.

We have already a foretaste of the better days that are coming, for we already have quite a number of old students who are making their aspirations felt in their homes. As an instance of this I may mention the case





**The New Kultur practised in a Swimming Race on the Wular Lake (page 25)**

*Photo by Commander]*

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.*



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of the head master of the Islamabad School, who has been of the greatest assistance to Miss Coverdale with the girls of the town. He infused his uncle with some of his spirit, so that he, the uncle, has built a most picturesque house for Miss Coverdale's school. Now this is not an easy thing to do, for he brings upon himself the bad feeling of the orthodox people. This head master, Shruder But by name, has developed a most independent spirit, and although he is a Brahman, and scandalizes his brother Brahmans by his freedom in thought and action, has won for himself a most unique position in the town. All citizens respect him, some fear him, and the boys love and revere him. This man and a few others of his stamp, all old students of the Mission School, are the forerunners of what we may expect in years to come, and when men such as these are mated to women of like mind, old students of the girl schools, what a future there will be for this beautiful country. From these days of toil and difficulties we look ahead, revelling in the thought of what the scholars first and then the citizens will be in the days that are coming.

#### CHIEF EVENTS IN THE SCHOOL YEAR

*March 23.*—The arrival of Daud Khan, late of a Balooch Regiment, in which he was the only Christian, who had come up to help at the Mission Hospital and Schools. He won the respect and goodwill of both teachers and boys at once. At the outbreak of war he was recalled to his regiment.

*March 27.*—The Hostel fire.

*April.*—Launch of the new cutter, which was constructed during the winter under the supervision of

Commander E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N., and the gift of Miss F. E. A. Tyndale-Biscoe. She is the best boat of this type we have yet seen, for she throws no water in the bows or stern, so that for both rowing and sailing she is apparently faultless. She is a twelve-oared cutter of 33 feet in length.

*May.*—She was ready for our annual trip to the Wular Lake, where we have our school camp. The water was warm enough to permit of swimming, so we asked the lambadar of the village if any of his young men would like to join in a race. To our surprise he answered in the affirmative, as we had not seen them swim. He told us that after they had seen the Mission School boys swim across the lake, they had plucked up courage and taken to the water. We were very pleased to hear this for this was one of our chief reasons for attempting to swim across the Wular Lake. We put the boys and villagers in line and were about to start them when the villagers went off ahead and would not come back to start fair. These villagers had evidently learnt something of the new "kultur," for as they were nearing the winning-post, the school boys being in front, they made desperate efforts, and caught the leading boys by the heels and pulled them back until they could catch hold of their bodies, and so forced themselves in front, until they could kick the boys' faces, which they did. In this way two of them came in first. They were surprised, however, that no prizes were awarded to the New Kultur men. I tried to explain to them the reason why, and how that they had something even more important to learn than the art of swimming, even if it be across the dreaded lake, viz. how to play fair.

In the same month we were cheered by the visits



of Canon E. F. Wigram, our Secretary, from Lahore, and Rev. Alec Fraser, and two friends from Trinity College, Kandy, both of them educationalists. If you should wish to read something stirring and helpful concerning education in the East you should procure the Trinity College Kandy reports and magazines.

In June we welcomed Samuel Bakal, B.A., B.T., to our permanent staff. He had just passed through the Lahore Central Training College and had obtained his degree of Bachelor of Teaching, but what is far more important than gaining a B.A. or B.T. is the escaping of the terribly common disease of swelled head, and long may he be spared this calamity, for it is my experience that nothing damages a teacher's usefulness so much as the B.A. and M.A. swelled head. In the West B.A.'s and M.A.'s are too thick to be of any importance; for the same reason the swelled head will disappear from India a few years hence no doubt. To show you in what high honour the letters M.A. are held in this country I will pass on to you the following conversation that I was privileged to hear.

At a head masters' meeting, I introduced Babu —, M.A., to Babu —, M.A. They shook hands as gentlemen do who are aware of their own importance.

"So you are an M.A.," said Babu A. "Yes," answered Babu B, drawing himself up as an M.A. should, "I am, and I was in my college cricket eleven also." With this announcement his lower chest visibly swelled. "In what year did you take your degree?" said Babu A. "In the year 1909," answered Babu B. "Oh, yes," said Babu A, "I remember that year well, for that was the easy year, when every one got their degrees; whilst I took my degree in the year 1908, when nearly every one

was plucked, you may remember." At this announcement Babu A, being a small man wearing gold-rimmed round spectacles, tried to make his body more in keeping with the greatness of his honour. After this exchange of their academic prowess these learned head masters turned their backs on one another. I expect that they found it difficult to keep up the swelled frog attitude.

As Empire Day fell on Sunday, we kept it on Monday. We massed all the schools to salute the flag, which was hoisted, or, as I should say, "broken," by our Commander R.N., the school band bursting out with the National Anthem. Empire information was given out by megaphone, then all the boys stood to attention as we prayed for the King, the Viceroy, and the Maharajah. I should say that we perform this ceremony daily at the school. Prayer, and salute as the band plays the National and the Maharajah's Anthem. See picture.

*June.*—Cholera arrived in the Valley, but, as I said above, it was hindered in its march to the city until August, when our share in the fight commenced.

On June 25 250 boys started to swim across the Dal Lake. The following was the result:—

124 reached the Takht Hill— $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

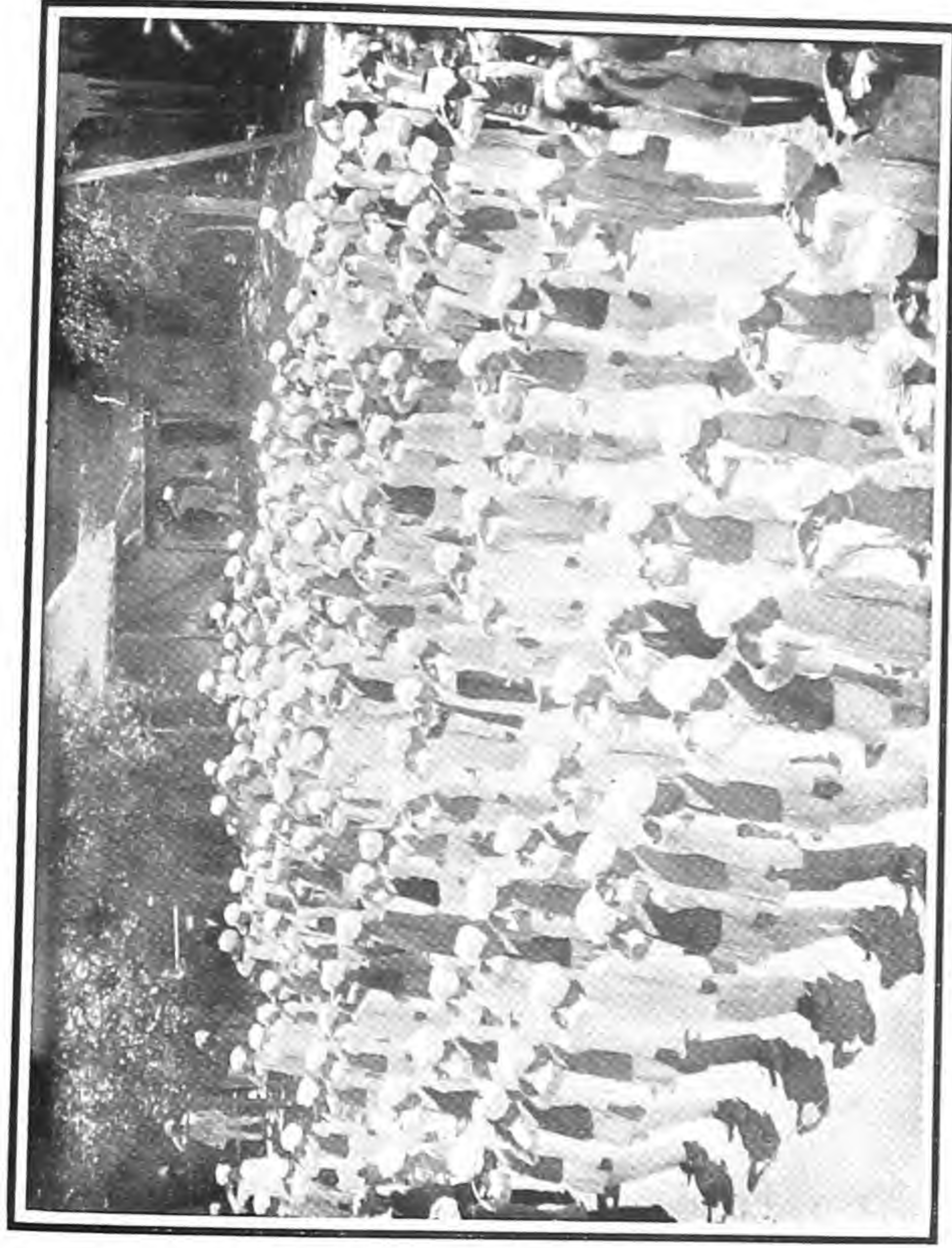
7 swam from 1 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles further on.

1 continued to swim to the school— $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

The Doctors Kate Knowles, Janet Vaughan and Somerton Clarke kindly arranged to be near the finish in case medical help was needed. We had the great pleasure of having an English Public School Master with us in the person of Rev. W. J. Bensley, who is a keen swimmer.

In July we had the Head of the River race. Ten

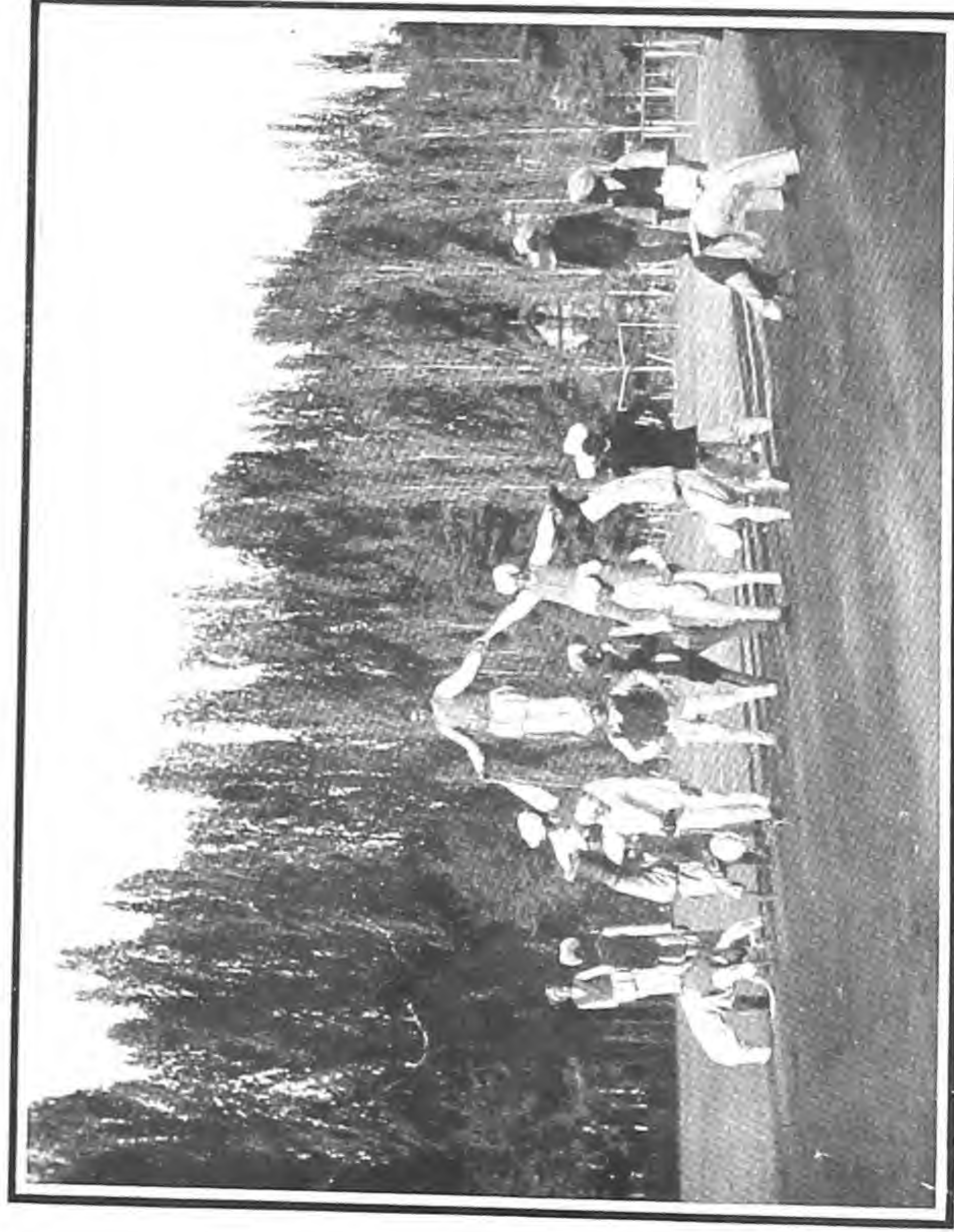




*Photo by Commander]*

**The Upper School. Saluting the King (page 26)**

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.]*



*Photo by Commander]*

**Men in the making**

*[E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N.]*



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crews took part in it, racing abreast. After a well-contested struggle the Middle School second boat won by one foot.

On November 11 we at last held our Prize Day, for owing to bad weather and other causes it was put off five times. The crowd from the city which attends this yearly "tamasha" is usually so great that they have to be kept at a respectful distance with barbed wire and the fire pump judiciously served, but on this occasion our water supply was not needed, as we charged an entrance fee, the proceeds being given to H.H. the Maharajah's Imperial War Relief Fund. Our Resident, Mr. H. V. Cobb, who with the officials and many European and Indian friends kindly graced the occasion, distributed the awards and spoke strongly on the subject of true education, viz. character building, contrasting it with the education so-called, the everlasting cram system so popular in India.

Among the awards were the Lord Lansdowne's medals for the two best all-round boys in body, mind and soul, to which we have added the scholarships so kindly awarded by H.H. the Maharajah. Then Lady Younghusband's challenge cup for that boy who has shown the highest proficiency in Social Service. Then Lord Hardinge's challenge medal for the pluckiest deed of the year. This was given to a boy of fourteen years of age named Dina Nath. He jumped into a deep canal in flood time and rescued a boy of his own size belonging to the State School who was drowning. There were three other boys who ran him close for the medal in risking their lives in the water. Others had run great risk when looking after cholera victims.

There were given away certificates to seven success-

ful candidates in the St. John Ambulance examinations; the classes had been held by Dr. Kate Knowles.

According to our custom the *class* in each of the schools which obtained the highest marks for body, mind and soul (see scheme), was given the prize. We have given up the custom of loading the gifted boy, for he always has his reward. In giving the prize to every one in the class which has done best you encourage the plodder. The slacker is well looked after by his class-fellows, for they are well aware that slackers bring down the average of the class.

*November 14.*—A greater event than prize day was the welcoming back of our Vice-principal, the Rev. F. E. Lucey, after an absence of three years.

*November 18.*—Commander and Mrs. E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe left for India, the Commander taking up censorship work at Delhi.

*November 19.*—I left on short leave for England, which the Medical Board has lengthened.

Lastly, Mr. S. T. Gray heard the bugle call and has been posted to the 82nd Punjabis Regiment. It was with mixture of pride and sadness that the school parted with him.

Our thanks are due to the following :—

For increasing our stock of picture post cards—

Dr. Somerton Clarke	Rev. S. Higginbottom
Mr. Ferger	Mrs. E. H. Langdon
Mr. and Miss Gray	Mrs. Neve

Mr. Walter Smith

For papers and books—

Mr. H. V. Cobb	Mrs. Fellows
Mr. C. M. Hadow	Major C. Rowcroft
Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.	



For taking classes at the schools—

Rev. W. J. Bensley                      Lieut. A. V. Myles  
Lieut. K. D. Yearsley, R.E.

For delivering lectures—

Rev. Reichal                              Rev. W. J. Bensley  
Mr. F. Worthington

These courses of lectures have been a great help to the staff, and will be a lasting benefit—

Mrs. Fellows: "Science of teaching and practical demonstration." Miss Kathleen Webb: "Physical Geography." Miss P. Aberigh Mackay on Drawing.

Help given on the play-fields by Dr. W. C. Bazin, Lieut. A. V. Myles; and to Lieut. R. Wallace for allowing one of our teachers to attend the Military Training School at Ambala.

For teas provided at Regatta days—

Mr. E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe      Miss Fitze  
Dr. Kate Knowles              Mrs. Losack  
Miss Johnson                      Miss Neve

To those who have given our staff and boys medical aid:—

At the Mission Hospital—	In the city—
Dr. A. Neve	Dr. Kate Knowles
Dr. E. Neve	Miss Newman
Dr. H. E. Rawlence	
Dr. Somerton Clarke	At Islamabad—
Miss Neve	Dr. Minnie Gomery
Miss McCormick	Miss Newnham

To those ladies who have taught the Scriptures regularly in our schools—

Miss Coverdale	Dr. Kate Knowles
Miss Churchill Taylor	Mrs. Neve
Miss Fitze	Miss Russell

To Mr. C. M. Hadow and Mr. C. H. Hadow for continuing to look after the accounts, and to Mr. A. G. Harrison for auditing the same.

To Rev. G. W. Tyndale-Biscoe for collecting money in England, and to the many friends who have supplied the sinews of war, without whose aid the schools could not exist. To you, my friends, I dedicate this school record.

C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE.

Our needs are:—

First and foremost, the sinews of war, towards the £50 we must collect each month. Picture post cards and pictures of any kind for teaching purposes. A magic-lantern, to replace the one burnt by Fuzzy Wuzzy. Type-writing machines. A fire engine. Books for the Library.

Subscriptions and donations can be sent to the following:—

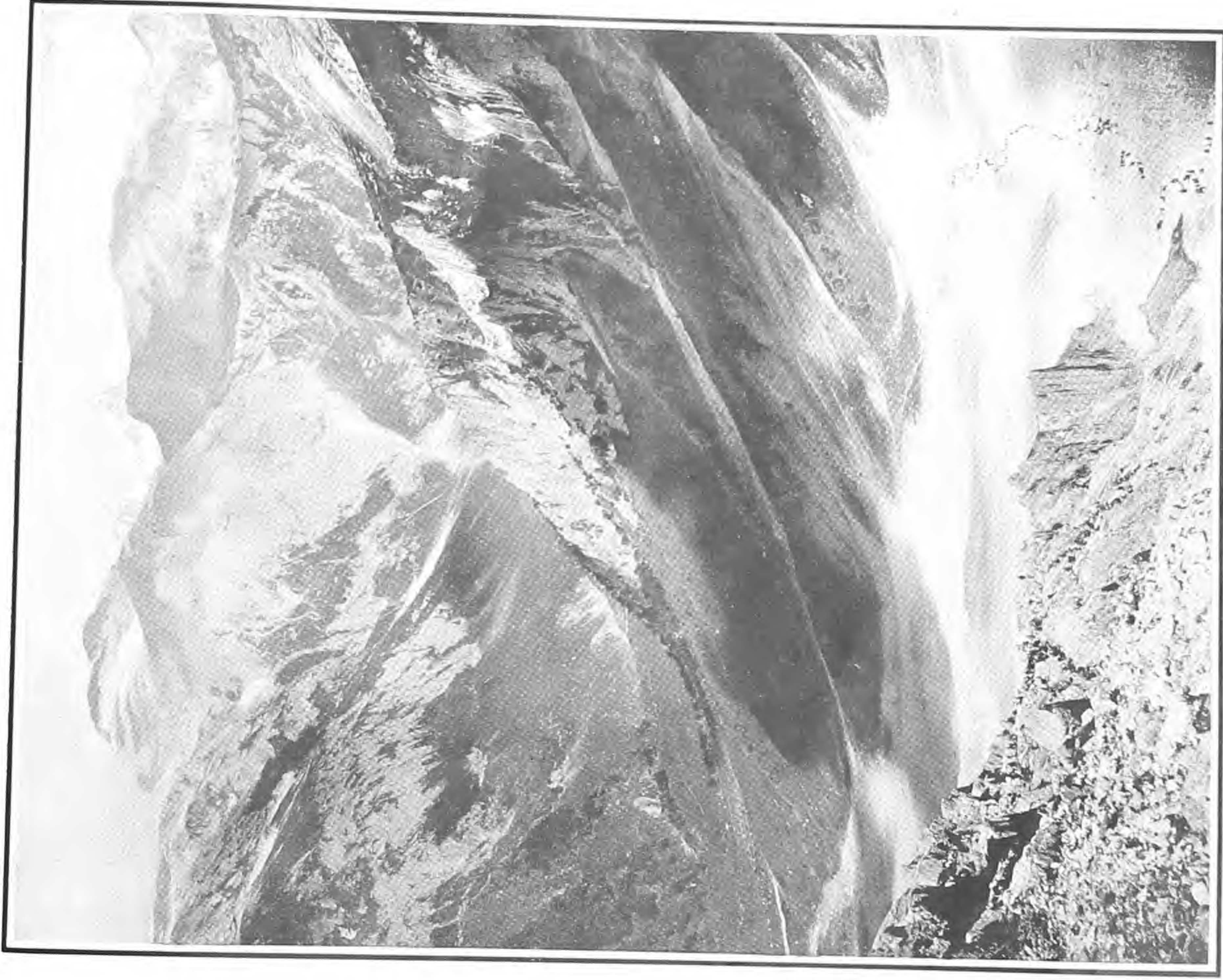
Rev. G. W. Tyndale-Biscoe, Bradfield, Berks.

Mrs. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, Rose Bank, Harpenden, Herts.

To the Principal C.M.S. Schools, Srinagar, Kashmir, N. India; or to Kashmir Mission Schools Account at Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s Bank, Ltd., High Street, Oxford; Punjab Banking Co., Ltd., Srinagar, Kashmir, N. India.

The C.M.S. schools in Kashmir, like all other institutions, are suffering from lack of funds on account of the war.





Pilgrims returning from the glorious Mountains to the filthy City

"Their eyes are still blinded" (page 10)

[Photo by Vishu Nath]



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# Subscriptions and Donations for 1914

	£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.		£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.		£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.
Athill, Miss .. ..	1	0	0	14	14	6	Collins, F. H., Esq. ..				4	0	0	Hobert, R. C., Esq., I.C.S.				15	0	0
Anon, 75/-, 110/8, 1/-				186	8	0	Chundu Lal, A. B., Esq.				10	0	0	Hamilton, W., Esq. ..				20	0	0
Armitage, Miss L. M.							Cockin, Ven. Archdeacon							Hussamauddia Khawaja				15	0	0
(Soldiers' Home) ..				50	0	0	J. B. .. ..	0	10	0	7	6	1	Hewetson, Rev. W. ..	4	4	0	62	9	9
Avery, T., Esq. ..				25	0	0	Craige, J. H. S., General	3	3	0	46	7	4	Hadow, C. M., Esq. ..				300	0	0
Adams, Rev. T. ..				14	9	4	Dugdale, Rev. J. S. ..				75	0	0	Hadow, H. C., Esq. ..				15	0	0
Annesley, Mrs. Theodore	0	5	0	3	12	0	Davies, Mrs., 10/-, 20/-,							Hart, Col. and Mrs. H. H.				25	0	0
Amar Nath Dewan, C.I.E.							10/-, 10/- .. ..				50	0	0	Holland, Dr. H. T. ..				10	0	0
(Prize) .. ..				50	0	0	Downs, Rev. E. A. ..	2	2	0	30	15	2	Har Bagwan Lalla ..				15	0	0
Askew, W., Esq. ..	1	1	0	15	8	0	Dunlop, Col. H. ..				10	0	0	Hamilton, Capt. R. ..				40	0	0
Arjon Nath Dhar, Pt. ..				5	0	0	Davis, Capt. H. R. ..				10	0	0	Isaac, Rev. W. H. ..	0	10	0	7	7	2
Bowles, E. A., Esq. ..	1	1	0	15	10	6	Dobbie, Col. C. E. ..				150	0	0	Irene Petrie Fund ..				886	2	0
Budd, Mrs. .. ..	1	1	0	15	11	4	Darling, Rev. Canon C. W.				20	0	0	Ingram, Esq., F. L. ..				50	0	0
Bishop of Calcutta, Most							Denys, Rev. F. Ward ..				60	0	0	James, Major, E. H. S.				20	0	0
Rev. .. ..				100	0	0	East, Miss H. ..	0	5	0	3	11	9	Knowles, Dr. Kate (Rent)				80	0	0
Bishop of Chota Nagpur,							Edgcumbe, Mount ..	1	0	0	15	0	0	Kutter, Miss S. ..				5	0	0
Rt. Rev. .. ..				50	0	0	Eger, Dr. W. ..				15	0	0	Kennion, Col. R. L. ..				10	0	0
Brendon, Col. H. E. ..	1	0	0	15	0	0	East, Miss ..	0	5	0	3	12	0	Kennard, M. J., Esq. ..				800	0	0
Benwell, Capt. W. F., R.N.				10	0	0	East, Mrs. ..	0	10	0	7	8	0	Keen, Major, T. S. ..				10	0	0
Bowden-Smith, Lady ..	2	0	0	29	9	5	Fowler, Miss ..				5	0	0	de Lisle, General B. ..	5	0	0	73	12	6
Brown, Col. R. J. ..				20	0	0	Fellows, Rev. J. R. ..				10	0	0	Lucey, Miss M. ..	1	10	0	22	8	0
Brown, Miss R. A. ..				10	0	0	Fraser, Col. E. M., R.E.				30	0	0	Lovegrove, W. H., Esq.,						
Braddon, J. B., Esq. ..				10	8	0	Fraser, The Honourable S. M.							I.F.S. .. ..				50	0	0
Brownrigg, F. W., Esq.				25	0	0	G.S.I. .. ..				50	0	0	Losack, M. ..				20	0	0
Bewley, Miss ..	1	5	0	18	4	8	Field, Capt. D. M. ..				15	0	0	Lambert, W., Esq. ..				20	0	1
Burges, Miss H. ..				50	0	0	Grellier, J. T. ..	2	0	0	29	14	0	Lane, Guy, Esq. ..				15	0	0
Buxton, Rev. ..	1	1	0	15	8	1	Gardiner, Miss Grace ..	1	0	0	14	13	0	Maharaja Kashmir, H. H.				820	0	0
Bayley, Capt. L. S. ..				5	0	0	Grey, Col. E. ..	1	0	0	14	13	0	Macnab, Col. A. J. ..				30	0	0
Blunt, H. R., Esq. ..				10	0	0	Gray, Mrs. ..	1	0	0	15	0	0	Money, Capt. E. A. D.				5	0	0
Burges, Miss Sophia ..	10	0	0	147	10	0	Garrad, Rev. S. ..	1	0	0	14	14	6	McDonnell, J. V., Esq.				25	0	0
Clarke, Rev. C. B. ..	0	5	0	3	10	9	Gardiner, W. H., Esq.				2	0	0	Morwood, Mrs. ..				5	0	0
Cox, Dr. R. J. H. ..				15	0	0	Gabriel, Capt. C. H. ..				20	0	0	McNamara, M., Esq. ..				10	0	0
Cobb, Mrs. ..	1	1	0	15	12	0	Giles, H. E., Esq. ..				10	0	0	Myles, Lieut. A. V. ..				20	0	0
Churchill-Taylor, Miss,							Gowan, Mrs. ..	1	6	0	15	0	0	MacIntyre, G. D., General				10	2	0
45; Prize, 5/- ..				50	0	0	Gomery, Dr. M. M. ..				15	0	0	Masson, W. Muir, Esq.				50	0	0
Capel-Cure, Mrs. ..				20	0	0	Greenfield, for Miss Wenys				110	11	2	Murray, Miss Maud ..				5	0	0
Clarke "Hostel" ..				5	0	0	Given, Miss ..	0	10	0	7	8	0	Masson, Sir D. P., K.T.,						
Cobb, H. V., Esq., C.I.E., C.S.I.				150	0	0	Greenhorn, Miss ..				10	0	0	C.I.E. .. ..				150	0	0
Cumberland, Major ..				10	0	0	Gurdon, Col. R. E. M., D.S.O.				10	0	0	McMinn, Miss ..				15	0	0
Carew, Mrs. ..				10	0	0	Gardiner, C. W., Esq. ..				5	0	0	Maya Dass, Dr. Ethel ..				20	0	0
Clarkes, Miss ..	2	2	0	31	8	11	Greville-Stuart, Mrs. ..				60	0	0	McLeod, General W. K.	1	0	0	14	9	4
Cust, Miss ..				10	0	0	Gott, Rev. Chas. ..				15	1	2	Mallim, Esq., H. ..				25	0	0



# "MEN IN THE MAKING"

	£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.		£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.		£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.
Macpherson, Major A. D.				50	0	0	Sale of Reports 1/12/- 2/-				3	12	0	Wolley, Capt. H. S. L.				15	0	0
Neve, Dr. A.				50	0	0	Simpson, Miss ..	0	5	0	3	8	0	Wade, Miss D. ..	0	10	8	7	14	10
Neve, Miss ..				30	0	0	Sykes, O. J., Esq. ..				20	0	0	Wingfield, Major W. E.,				120	9	0
Nedow, M., Esq. ..				10	0	0	Shorter, Mrs. ..				5	0	0	Rev. ..				7	8	0
Newmann, Miss ..				100	0	0	Stuart, Col. F. R. ..				15	0	0	Wynch, Col. F. ..				20	0	0
Noakes, Miss ..	1	0	0	15	0	0	Sparling, A. H., Esq. ..				15	0	0	Wigram, Major H. R. ..				44	3	10
Osborne, Capt. C. F., R.N.				10	0	0	Sykes, Miss E. ..	0	5	0	3	12	0	Ward, Col. and Mrs. A. E.	3	0	0	5	0	0
O'Hara, Mrs. ..	1	0	0	15	0	0	Stubbs, H. E. C., Esq.				15	0	0	Wilson, W., Mrs. ..				10	0	0
Owen, Miss A. N. ..				21	6	0	Sonamarg Party, per Rev.				36	9	0	Walton, Mrs. ..				3	0	0
Parker, Miss E. ..	2	0	0	29	14	0	Hinton ..				5	0	0	Wallis, Mrs. ..				5	0	0
Parlett, S. M., Honourable							Stone, Chas., Esq. ..							Webb, Miss ..				50	0	0
Justice ..				50	0	0	Scallon, Gen. Sir Robert,				20	0	0	Western, Dr. Ruth ..				10	0	0
Palmer, Col. C. H. ..				20	0	0	K.C.B. ..	0	2	0	1	14	0	Ware, Mrs. H. S. ..				15	0	0
Peter, Rev. F. E., for							Sykes, Miss ..							Whitby, Capt. F. ..				15	8	1
Datchen ..				119	5	0	Tyndale-Biscoe, Capt.				74	1	1	Wilson, Rev. C. Lea ..	1	1	0	150	0	0
Pim, Miss ..				15	0	0	A. A. ..	5	0	0	74	6	0	Worthington, F., Esq.				44	2	0
Pott, Rev. A. P. ..	1	1	0	15	1	1	Tyndale-Biscoe, Col. A. S.	5	0	0	74	6	0	Worthington, Miss ..	3	0	0	3	12	0
Punjab University ..				21	6	0	Tyndale-Biscoe, Com-				4	0	0	Wheeler, Miss ..	0	5	0	20	0	0
Richardson, St. John, Esq.				10	0	0	mander E. C. ..				73	12	6	Webb, Mrs. ..				3	12	0
Runnell, Miss C. L. ..				15	0	0	Tyndale, Miss D. H. M.	5	0	0	5	0	0	Walsh, Mrs. Pakenham	0	5	0	29	7	7
R. H. E. ..				50	0	0	Tyndale-Biscoe, General				74	6	6	Young, Miss G. ..	2	0	0	75	0	0
Rowcroft, Major C. ..				10	0	0	J. D. ..	5	0	0	15	0	0	Young, Gen. C. F. G. ..						
Robinson, Miss F. L. O. R.							Thompson, Col. H. ..				30	0	0							
and Party ..				5	0	0	Tennant, Col. C. ..				5	0	0							
Refund, per Islamabad							Torrie, Miss ..				150	0	0							
Girls' School ..				200	0	0	Talbot, W. S., Esq., C.I.E.				10	0	0							
Refund ..				2	2	0	Trotter, A. R., Esq. ..				2	0	0							
Roxby, Miss ..	0	5	0	3	11	0	Tracey, Rev., Thos. ..				10	0	0							
Sri Ram Chopra ..				5	0	0	Turner, Dr. H. J. ..				25	0	0							
Sham Sunder Lal Dhar,							Tracey, Miss J. ..				15	9	0							
Prize 10/- and 30/-				40	0	0	Venour, Major, D.S.O. ..	1	1	0	10	0	0							
Stone, Charles A., Esq.	0	5	0	3	11	8	Vores, Mrs. ..													

Total Rs. 8319 12 1

ANAND KOTRU  
Accountant.

H. C. HADOW,  
For Hon. Treasurer,  
C. M. S. Schools.

C. N. HADOW & Co.,  
Srinagar, Kashmir,  
20th January, 1915.

## Subscriptions and Donations through Church Missionary Society

	£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.		£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.		£	s.	d.	Rs.	A.	P.
Rev. S. Atlee, Middleton				24	2	0	C. H. Bryant, Esq. ..	0	10	0				J. D. Lewin, Esq. ..	1	0	0	15	0	0
W. P. Toone, Esq. ..				34	10	6	Per Rev. W. H. Smith	10	0	0				Per Rev. W. H. Smith	10	0	0	150	0	0
Rev. W. J. Daniels ..				14	10	3	Per Mr. Bourke ..	8	0	0	311	5	8	Per R. Boyer ..	5	0	0	75	0	0
Mrs. Bourke ..				55	9	6	Kashmir Mission Fund				12	3	6	Stoke Parish Church ..	12	13	3	189	15	0
Interest on Endowment							Whelnetham, per Rev.							Thorpe Arch ..	1	5	0	18	12	0
Fund, £174/8/-,							A. J. Ridpath ..	2	16	7	42	2	11	Bradford Gram. School	1	0	0	15	0	0
£174/7/-, £5/8/- ..				354	7	0	Kilkenny ..	7	0	0	104	6	2	I. A. Bailey, Esq. ..	4	0	0	59	10	4
St. John's Church,							Per Mrs. Bourke ..	1	11	0	23	1	9	H.M.S. ..				300	0	0
Monkstown ..	2	10	0				Rev. R. Bateman, Hostel				74	4	6							

Total Rs. 1874 5 1



# C. M. S. Schools, Srinagar, Kashmir

## Statement of Receipts and Payments during the year 1914

RECEIPTS							
	Rs.	A.	P.	Rs.	A.	P.	
To Opening Balance as per audited accounts 1913 .. ..	..	..	..	463	8	11	
GRANTS							
Church Missionary Society ..	5,000	0	0				
Kashmir State ..	7,466	10	8				
Subscriptions and Donations ..	8,319	12	1				
Subscriptions and Donations per C.M.S. ..	3,489	14	0				
Church Offertories ..	388	8	3	24,664	13	0	
Fees ..	5,863	9	0				
Fines ..	298	4	1	6,161	13	1	
Miscellaneous Receipts ..	423	8	0				
Transferred from Hostel Fund ..	1,650	0	0				
Transferred from Old Oxford Bank ..	750	0	0	2,823	8	0	
Interest on 3½% Go. Po. Notes ..	16	0	11				
Interest in part on Fixed Deposit ..	5	0	0	21	0	11	
Overdrawn from Bankers (Punjab Banking Co. Ltd.) ..	2,552	11	5	2,552	11	5	
				Rs.36,687	7	4	

EXPENDITURE							
	Rs.	A.	P.	Rs.	A.	P.	
Teachers' Salaries ..	20,818	9	3				
Servants' Wages ..	1,236	12	0	22,055	5	3	
Rent ..	1,121	1	6				
Repairs and Building ..	2,877	15	6	3,999	1	0	
Sports ..	11	4	6				
Sports Furniture ..	1,420	10	3	1,431	14	9	
Boarding up-keep ..	1,070	15	6				
Boarding Furniture ..	264	2	6				
Hostel ..	3,462	0	6				
Hostel Ground ..	169	4	3	4,966	6	9	
School Furniture ..	161	10	9				
Lighting and Heating ..	158	12	6				
Library ..	60	14	0				
Boat Shed ..	19	5	3	400	10	6	
Stationery ..	114	6	6				
Printing ..	1,326	0	9	1,440	7	3	
Scholarship ..	1,146	4	3				
Gifts to Dixon Fund ..	762	4	9				
Prizes ..	132	0	0	2,040	9	0	
Miscellaneous Expenditures ..	338	1	7	338	1	7	
Cash in hand ..	14	15	3	14	15	3	
				Rs.36,687	7	4	

Srinagar, Kashmir,  
20th January, 1915.

ANAND KOTRU,  
Accountant,  
C. M. Hadow & Co.

Audited and found correct  
A. G. HARRISON,  
Auditor, 10/2/1915.

H. C. HADOW,  
For Honorary Treasurer  
C. M. S. Schools.



C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE.



**IQBAL LIBRARY**  
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